

012551.e.16
Containing the Saint Jory (2)

T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
M A L O U K A,
The Beautiful A R A B I A N :
O R, T H E
T R I U M P H
O F
V I R T U E and I N N O C E N C E
O V E R

M A L I C E, C O R R U P T I O N and P E R J U R Y.

Translated from the *French* of the Chevalier de St.
Jory, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and
Belles Lettres in France.

W I T H

A P R E F A C E, wherein Notice is taken of a Project
lately formed by a Minister in *France*, and still subsisting,
to steal away the Translator, and carry him off to that
Kingdom; there, no doubt, to receive the Acknowledg-
ment which that Minister thinks is due to his Endeavours
to serve *Great Britain*.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, &c. &c. &c.

By CHARLES FORMAN, Esq;

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. HUGGONSON in *Chancery-Lane*.
M,DCC,XXXVIII.

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ADVANCEMENTS

MAAOUK

T R I U M P H

THE GREAT INNOVATION





To the Right Honourable

Sir Rob^t Walpole,

First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, &c. &c. &c.

S I R,



LONG with my sincere and respectful Condolence on the Loss you have lately sustained in the Death of Lady WALPOLE, I most humbly beg your Patronage of the following Sheets. They contain the Adventures of a beautiful *Arabian*, in which, Sir, if you have a Leisure Moment to peruse them, you will find Virtue and Innocence triumphant, at last, over the deepest Villanies, and the blackest Perjuries:

iv DEDICATION.

You will also find in them what you yourself now experience in your own Person ; that neither Wisdom, nor Riches, nor Power, nor the greatest personal Accomplishments can exempt any of the Race of *Adam* from Misfortunes, and those very often cruel ones too. He that bears such Visitations from Heaven with the greatest Dignity of Soul, and the most resigned Submission to the WILL of him who is Sovereign Arbiter of our Destiny is certainly the greatest Man, as well as the best Christian, let his Rank be high or low in this World: And as the honestest and most generous Minds are always the soonest touched with Compassion at seeing Virtue in Distress ; as the moister the Eye is upon all such Occasions the braver and nobler is the Heart, I don't doubt but that what I now petition for in favour of my persecuted

Wan-

DEDICATION. v

Wanderer, you will grant to her Innocence, her Courage, her Chastity the very Moment you become acquainted with her Story.

The Story of *Malouka* inspires no Ideas but such as are Enemies to Vice and Friends to Virtue; such as become the Gentleman as well as the Christian, the tender Husband and the faithful Wife, the Relation and the Friend: Read it then, Sir, if you can without renewing, in almost every Page, and at every Moment, the most endearing Remembrance of the amiable Object whose Loss you so justly deplore, and the impartial Nation as justly regrets. But as that is morally impossible for you to do, I flatter myself, that, once in my Life, I have had the good Fortune to make you a Present not altogether disagreeable to you, nor any way unworthy your Acceptance. As a further Recommendation of
the

vi DEDICATION.

the Queen of *Beloudga* to your Patronage in a Country where she is almost entirely a Stranger, I beg Leave to tell you I intended to lay her at the Feet of the greatest Woman that ever lived, a strong Resemblance of whose Virtues and Features you will trace in my beautiful Heroine; but, alas, Sir! I was disappointed in my ambitious Design by a Misfortune that put all *Britain* in Tears: The Death of that august Princess, her late Majesty Queen *CAROLINA*.

Having, Sir, said so much in Behalf of *Malouka*, I now humbly beg Leave to offer a Word or two in my own. It has been the Misfortune of most Dedicators to labour under the Accusation of selfish Views, and the grossest Flattery to gratify them; and indeed several Authors have thoroughly deserved that Censure, by the most fulsome Panegyrics

on

DEDICATION. vii

on very ill chosen Patrons ; but I hope I have avoided that Rock, by dedicating this Piece to You. The greatest of your Enemies have never denied you to be Master of shining Talents and Abilities ; and yet, Sir, I have stretched no Encomiums upon them ; I have gone no farther in their Praise, than only to join the general Voice of your Adversaries : Thus far then I think I ought to be safe from the Snarls of the ungenerous ill-natured Critick.

As to selfish Views in this Dedication, it would be ridiculous to tax me with any ; the Terms in which I stand with you absolutely forbid them : But still, Sir, there is one Thing which I shall not scruple to confess : It is that, how much soever I have occasionally differed with you in Politicks, either in Relation to the lurking Designs of *France*, or the insolent Depredations
of

viii *DEDICATION.*

of *Spain*, I never was an Enemy to your Person, or wished you the least Harm: So far from it, that, tho' I should still continue to differ with you in some political Points relating to the *French* and *Spaniards*, which I hope will not be the Case for the future, I shall nevertheless always sincerely and heartily wish, that when the Course of Nature calls you, full of Years, out of this bustling Life, you may, attended by the deserved universal Praises and Blessings of your Country, pass with Serenity and Cheerfulness of Soul into the next; where the just and faithful Minister, as well as the disinterested and steady Patriot, is sure to meet the glorious Recompence of his Labours.

I have the Honour to be with most profound Respect, *Sir*,

Your most obedient

Most humble Servant,

CH. FORMAN.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



THE Reputation of the Author of the Adventures of *Malouka*, who is a Member of the Academy *de Belles Lettres* established at *Caen* in *Normandy*, and the Friendship with which he honoured me in *Paris*, were sufficient Inducements to me to make his beautiful *Mahometan* speak *English*, especially when join'd to the Request of a few particular Ladies of my Acquaintance who could not thoroughly converse with her in *French*;
a but

but before I had gone through the first Sheet of her History, I found I began to have the same Motive to translate, that the Chevalier *de St. Jory* had to write: A strong Inclination to render Virtue more amiable, and Vice more odious, in what Drefs soever they wear. I have been told by some *Connoisseurs*, that the Character of *Malouka* is not ill drawn, for the Country and Religion she is of, nor do I think, that either Modesty, Piety or Charity would any way lessen the Charms of the most celebrated Beauty in our own: Wherefore, as I am fully persuaded that most of our young Ladies are as chaste as they are fair, and in every Respect as virtuous as they are lovely, I dare venture to say they will esteem an Hour altogether as well spent in conversing with this pious and beautiful *Arabian*, as it could have been either at *Vaux-hall*, or in the Company of an Eunuch of *Italy*. The Persecutions and Trials to which Providence permits her to be exposed for a While, the prodigious Elevation of Fortune which at last crowns her Humility and Resignation to the Will of Heaven, and the terrible Judgments that fall upon her Persecutors, carry in them a very instructive Moral ;
and,

The P R E F A C E. xi

and, as blended with Fictions as they are, strongly incline the Reader to the Love of God, and the Adoration of his unsearchable Decrees.

Nabiskay and his three false Witnesses out-do all the Villains that ever were of that Character ; our Informers against the Retailers of Spirituous Liquors, tho' at present the Disgrace of *Great Britain*, appear but meer Mongrels in Perjury, when compared to these Miscreants. I therefore believe, that as the Author was Son of a President of the Parliament of *Metz*, was bred up to the Gown himself, and had been the *French* King's chief Council in the Royal Bailiwick of *Meudon*, he had some of his own Country Knights of the Posts in his Eye when he drew them : For it would certainly have been something difficult for a Man altogether unacquainted with the Practice of the Courts of Judicature in *France*, to have formed four such Villains for the Purpose.

We may also suppose he glances at some of the *Parisian* Judges in the Character he has drawn of his *Mahometan* Cady, in which Corruption and Hypocrisy, Injustice and Cruelty, are exposed in their natural

xii *The P R E F A C E.*

tural Colours : Had not the Author been an entire Stranger to *Britain*, and consequently so to the Virtue, the Probity, and Learning of our noble Lord Chancellor, and the Judges of *Westminster-Hall*, I should have thought he had expressly laboured that Character to give us a complete Contrast to theirs, and that of Sir *John Barnard*, our present most worthy Lord-Mayor.

The other Characters in these Adventures are likewise instructing in their Kind ; and from the whole, the Reader may learn, that the Beauty of Women is a powerful Enemy, and much to be feared both by the Possessor and Beholder : That the most hidden Crimes are frequently brought to Light : That there is nothing so useful, nothing so comfortable as Prayer : That the Troubles of this World are not difficult to be supported by those who have Heaven always in their Eye, and daily wish to be there : That we must hope for every Thing from Providence alone, and that if it shuts one Door it will open another. In a Word, if the Adventures of *Malouka* are built upon a *Mahometan* Plan, to recommend them the more to a Deistical Age, if they are something crowded

The PREFACE. xiii

crowded with Miracles towards the End, to keep up to the Humour of the Followers of *Mahomet*, the Moral of them is entirely Christian; which, after all, is their best Recommendation.

The greatest Fault in this Piece, if it be one, is that the Events fall very fast upon one another; but the Chevalier *de St. Jory* is an utter Enemy to all Impertinent Under-Plots, tedious Episodes, and long winded Conversations: Some *French* Romance-Writers would have made half a Dozen Volumes in *Octavo* on the Adventures of *Malouka*. The Chevalier had a much finer Taste.

As to the Translation, all I can say in its Favour is that, except the Title, which I have † changed, I have taken as few Liberties with my Author, as perhaps any Translator ever did; and notwithstanding his extream Laconicity, I believe I have no where enervated his Stile, or mistaken his Sense: Whether I have any where improved either, must be left to the Judgment of those who understand both Languages,

Whe-

† The *French* Title is, *La bien aimée du Prophete*, the Well-beloved of the Prophet,

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Whether *Malouka* ever appeared before in *English*, either under this or any other Dress or Title, is what I am not learned enough in Romances to determine, but I believe she never did : Her Adventures are grounded on a true Story agreeably embellished with the *fabulous*, by the fertile Imagination of the Author ; and I intended, by Way of Imitation, to have added a few Sheets containing my own, which in some particular Circumstances bear no small Resemblance to several of *Malouka's*, I mean as to the Injustice, the Villainy and Ingratitude of my Enemies abroad : But I soon found, in putting Pen to Paper on the Subject, that the Persecution raised against me sixteen Years ago in *France*, was of a Nature too serious in itself, and concern'd *Great Britain* too nearly to admit of Fiction or Allegory ; it must either be told naturally and ingenuously, or for ever left in Silence. For which Reason I shall suspend the Account of it six Months longer, to see if the future Behaviour of some People will atone for the former Proceedings of their departed Relations, whom even Death itself has not put beyond the Reach of my Pen ; and give me room to *spare their Names* with

The P R E F A C E. xv

with Justice to myself and my numerous Family. This is a fair and a generous Warning, and if they make a right Use of it they will find their Account in doing so: But if they think no Attonement due to me, I dare venture to tell them, that their continuing in such an Opinion, may very probably be attended with Shame, and a fruitless Repentance on their Side, whatever further Misfortunes may happen on mine.

But tho' I am inclined to let this Affair lie dormant six Months longer, hoping the Persons I hint at may come to themselves, and prudently consider that I am not now in *France*, nor in dread of the *Bastile*, there is another which present Self-preservation will not permit me to conceal. I don't mean the Design of some hot-headed Monarchs to come from *France* last *Autumn* to assassinate me. I was timely advised of it, and had it inserted as a Paragraph of News in the *Daily-Post*, on or about the 15th of *October* last. The same Afternoon a well Set young Fellow, in a *French*

The Letter
of Advice has
the Post-Office
Mark, O^r. 10,

but the Letter Carrier did not bring it to me until the 13th, about the Close of the Evening. So that I am to suppose it went through some sort of Discipline before I received it.

Dress,

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Dress, appeared at Mr. *Meres's* Printing-house in the *Old-Baily*; he was very earnest to know my Lodging, he said he was just come from *France*, and had Business of Consequence with me. By his *English*, and the Place he came from, the People of the Printing-house immediately guessed his Errand, they having but the very Evening before set the abovementioned Paragraph. In order to gain Time to acquaint me with his Visit, they told him they did not then very justly know where I lodged, but that if he pleased to call at Ten the next Morning, they would be better provided with an Answer for him, which he promised to do. But whether he was really one of the intended *Assassines*, whether he afterwards saw the *Daily-Post*, or had an Account of it from some Friend, or whether the Printers did not behave in as grave a Manner as the Affair required, he came no more, and consequently avoided the Lodging which I should have endeavoured to procure for him in *Newgate*. But as this Design was only on a private

What gave
Birth to it was

a Letter inserted in the *Daily-Post* in 1737, vindicating the Duke de *Fitz-James*, Son to the late Marshal, Duke of *Berwick*, in relation to the Dispute he had with the Deputy of the War-Office in *France*: For which the Duke was sent to the *Bastile*, notwithstanding all the Services of his great Father.

Account,

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Account, and as the Man of Quality to whom it was intended as an uncalled for Proof of their Zeal for him, since made a Trip hither himself from *France*, and during his Stay in Town took no Measures to let me know of his being here, or to come to any Eclaircissement with me, I shall drop any further Notice of that Affair, and come to one which for some Weeks past has kept me a Sort of Prisoner, and confined me within very narrow Limits in the Capital of *Great-Britain*, merely to avoid falling a Victim to the Power and Rage of a Minister of *France*.

France is certainly arrived to a very exorbitant Height of Power, and some of her Ministers to as exorbitant a Height of Insolence. In the Reign of *LOUIS* the XIVth, there was a Gentleman at *Amsterdam* who wrote very justly, but at the same time very satirically, against the *Grand Monarch*, or rather against the *French Ministry*; especially for the Revocation of the Edict of *Nantes* and *LOUIS*'s cruel Persecution of his Protestant Subjects. *Monf. de Louvois*, I think, was then Prime Minister of *France*, and took it in high Disdain that any Man, tho' in other Dominions, should presume to write against

b

the

xviii *The P R E F A C E.*

the Measures and Proceedings of his Court, that is to say against his own: He meditated a bloody Revenge, and by the Handwork of some Russians, such Fellows being ever ready to perpetrate any Villainy that a Minister thinks fit to put them upon when he has Money enough to reward them, that most accomplished but unfortunate Gentleman, *Monsieur De —*, was carried clear off from *Amsterdam* to *France*. A Fate he would probably have avoided had he then had as alert and as true a Friend as I now have in the Court of *Versailles*, and received as timely Advice as I have done of the like Design formed against me. After that Violence committed against the Law of Nations, and that insolent Affront put upon the States-General, in carrying away a Gentleman out of their High-Mightinesses Dominions and Protection, by the Contrivance of the *French* Minister, *Monseigneur de Louvois*, elated with the Success of his Project, most ungenerously caused a great Iron Cage to be made, and then as barbarously exposed the Gentleman in it, hanging from a Window on the Quay that leads from *Pont-Neuf* to *Pont au Change*: This Cruelty was repeated Day after Day, until

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until Monsieur *de* — died with Grief, Shame, Fatigue, and the Inclemency of the Weather.

In this Manner was I told the History of that poor unhappy Gentleman in *Paris*, by Persons of Credit who assured me they had seen him several times in his Cage: If there be any Truth in it, we need no better Proof of the Insolence and Cruelty of a Minister of *France*, especially if he is not of a Gentleman's Extraction; for mean Fellows Heads immediately turn round with Power, and they become infinitely more arbitrary and haughty than the Master that employs them.

Monsieur *Dangervilliers*, Secretary of State and War in *France*, if he is not prodigiously wronged in the Accounts I have received of him, has pretended to copy Mr. *Louvois*, and laid a Plan for carrying me off to *France*: According to my Advices, to which I think I can very safely give Credit, the Design still subsists: But Mr. *Dangervilliers*, as great a Man as Fortune, to shew her Power, has raised his Father's Son to be, should have considered before he set his Engines to work, that I am not at all in the Case with Mr. *de* —;

His Family
Name is
Bouin.

Gentleman was born in *France*, and consequently a Subject to *Louis XIV.* he writ against Measures that had been taken, and Events that had already happened, and were all absolutely past Remedy ; his Writings could therefore tend but very little to the Service of his Country, tho' he gratified his own Resentment, and they contained nothing but the Truth : To all which let us add, that Monsieur *de*—— was not a Subject of the *States General* when Mr. *de Louvois* had him carried off from *Amsterdam*. But Mr. *Dangervilliers* knows I am a Subject of *Great Britain*, and that all the Writings I have levelled against *France* have been with no other View than to prevent, if possible, those latent Evils she designs for this Nation : And is it for this, is it for doing my Duty to my King and Country, that Mr. *Dangervilliers* must send Russians from *France* to steal me out of King *George's* Capital ; even, as I may say, from under the Royal Eye and Protection of my Sovereign ? *Are the Ministers of France afraid that I shall traverse and delay more of their Schemes against Britain ?* or that I intend to write more Letters in the * *Daily Post* against the *Spanish*

* The Printer of the *Daily Post* was taken into Custody the 20th of last Month, and a Fortnight after sent to Newgate.

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nish Depredations ; for some I did write, tho' not those of the 9th and 10th of *June* last, which have been lately republished ? I have suffered inexpressibly for the Service of this Kingdom these several Years past ; and for its further Service, I am still ready to face the Malice of all the *French* Ministers, even were they all *Danger-villiers's*. No Minister in *Europe* shall terrify me from writing against the Designs of *France*, as long as I am able to hold a Pen ; or at least as long as —————

————— Reader, you will be so kind as to fill up this Blank yourself ; it may possibly concern you. I assure you, that if I would have employed my Pen in favour of the *Spaniards* as much as I have done against them, I might have put my self once more in Fortune's Way ; whereas I believe I have now put my self out of it for ever, by preferring the publick Interest to my own : For which all the Recompence I have hitherto received, is to be in perpetual Danger of losing my Liberty, if not my Life.

The Circumstances of this Plot are not necessary at present, I desire nothing more than to secure my self ; otherwise I should employ a little Rhetorick to set forth the
Info-

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Insolence of such an Attempt in its own proper Colours ; to shew *Englishmen* what they have to expect from *France* in Proportion as she encreases her Dominions and Power ; and humbly to point out to the Ministers of *Britain* the Affront done to his Majesty, and likewise the Side-wound given to their own Honour by this *French* Minister's Attempt to destroy me.

But all this I wave, as well as I do mentioning a certain Person who, I hear, is concerned in this Affair, and who, if I had any Way personally injured him, might have taken a much more Gentleman-like Method of Revenge. As to Mr. *Danger-villiers*, I assure him, let him be as base as he pleases, nothing but the Consideration I owe to the Publick and my Family, should ever have provoked me to this Discovery ; but here any longer Silence would not only be impolitick, but criminal ; by it, I might become not only unjust to my Country, and undutiful to my King, but also an Accessory to my own Murder in the Bastile, which, no doubt, was the Favour designed for me : For the Cage would have been a little too publick, and made too much Noise in *Britain* ; tho' I am
afraid

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afraid *France* does not much mind any Noise that *Britain* makes at present.

I expect that Mr. *Dangervilliers* will bluster hugely upon this Occasion, and the more because he is a Minister of *France*; that he will expect his simple Denial of the Fact, because he is a great Man, to be a sufficient Proof of his Innocence; and that his Friends will call upon me for a Proof of what I have advanced: But when I see what Methods he pleases to take in the Affair, I shall then think it time enough for me to endeavour to convince the Publick, that I have not attempted to impose upon it.

London, Aug. 10,
1738.

CH. FORMAN.

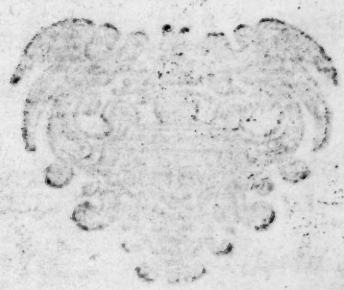


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THE PRINCE

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impute upon it.

GIL TORMAN



THE



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
M A L O U K A, &c.



E read in our faithful and luminous Annals, says *Abisaid Osman*, the Son of *Elmonsaffer*, in his History of *Arabia*, that the Daughter of *Redi Maasan*, Chief of an *Arabian* Tribe, became an Orphan at the Age of Sixteen. Never had any thing so beautiful appeared before in the two Worlds, and yet she was as wise as fair. God had endowed her from her Infancy with the precious Gifts of Prayer and Meditation; he had adorned her Soul with a perfect Modesty, which shin'd in all her Actions, and gave them a Lustre, even surpassing that which the Morn-
B ing

ing Dew spreads over the fairest Fruits, and the most beautiful Flowers.

That incomparable Virgin was named *Malouka* : Her Mother died a few Days after she had brought her into the World ; as if Nature had exhausted itself by the Birth of such a Prodigy.

Redi Maasan, notwithstanding his profound Grief for the Loss of his dear Wife, lived one hundred and ninety three Moons after her, all which Time he employed in the Exercises of a sublime Piety, and in gradually putting his Daughter in Possession of those Virtues which for two Centuries had been the Inheritance of the Family. When God called that Holy Man from the Pilgrimage of this laborious and painful Life, to the Habitation of the Saints, *Malouka* lifting up her Hands to Heaven, made the following Prayer to the Most High.

About 16
Years.

O Almighty ! O thou Hope and Comfort of the Afflicted, the Succour and Protector of Innocence ! Vouchsafe to cast a single Look on the humble Creature that calls upon thee ; thou hast separated me from my Father, but he enjoyed the Fulness of thy Mercies. I praise thee, I adore the Decrees of thy Providence ; all the Bitterness of my Affliction is drown'd in the Satisfaction which I find in submitting myself to thy divine Will : Encrease more and more in me the comfortable Resources of my Resignation. I desire none of the temporal Goods of which the blind Race of Adam is so covetous. I only beg of thee, O my God !

to

to put a strong Barrier of Thorns between thy weak Servant, and the seducing Objects that might corrupt my Innocence.

Malouka lived thus six Moons after the Death of her Father, in the usual Exercifes of Devotion which ſhe had always practiſed. The Reputation of her Virtue ſpread far and near. A rich *Arabian* Lord named *Mahmoud Kourdac*, followed by a numerous and magnificent Train, came to demand her in Marriage.

Thirty Camels were laden with Tents and Furniture; a hundred Slaves conducted twelve ſumptuous Waggon; and fifty Cavaliers, mounted on proud Courſers of the moſt noble Breed of *Arabia*, eſcorted the Caravan.

The wiſe and modeſt *Malouka* was no Way dazzled either with the Splendor of that grand Equipage, or the gallant Air of her Lover, whoſe amiable Countenance, and tall majeſtick Stature, as much eclipsed the fineſt Men of *Arabia*, as the ſtately Tulip, clad in a Thouſand beautiful Colours, eclipses the Pink and the Daiſy.

Proſtrate in ſecret at the Feet of the Moſt High, *Malouka* never ceaſed begging him to defend her from the Arrow of the Evil Spirit, that imperceptible and deadly Arrow, which wings itſelf a Paſſage through the Eyes to the Heart; ſhe would not admit of any Viſit from *Mahmoud Kourdac*, until ſhe had exactly informed herſelf of his Character and his Manners, through Fear of ſoon ſeeing his fine Outſide loſe its Charms, as the Gold and Azure of the Rain-bow, after hav-

ing glittered some Moments, evaporate into Mists and Fogs.

She therefore consulted all the honest People whom she thought could give her any Information of what she had so much Interest to know. In this Enquiry she learned that *Mahmoud Kourdac* had not only among the *Arabs*, but even among Strangers, the Character of a Man scrupulously attach'd to his Duty : That he had been a dutiful Son, was a good Neighbour, and a faithful Friend ; brave in Battle, mild and courteous in Society ; that he yearly gave the tenth Part of his Income to the Poor, was an assiduous Frequenter of the Mosques, and, let what Affairs would happen, performed the prescribed Ablutions ; that he wore

This is a great Practice among the *Mahometans*, and one of their Marks of being good *Musselmans*. Holy Amulets and Relicks about him, had the *Alcoran* by Heart, and knew all the Orisons and Hymns made in Praise of the Most High and his Prophet : And that though

he was not then quite forty Years of Age, he had been three times in Pilgrimage to *Mecca*. In fine, she heard so many honourable Things of him, that she did not in the least doubt, but that God, in the merciful Views of his Providence, had appointed him for her Husband : She gave him her Hand, the Nuptials were celebrated with great Pomp, and for the first time since the shutting of the Terrestrial Paradise, a Marriage was seen so proportionate, and a Pair so justly matched, that no Body had the least Word to offer against it. A few Weeks after their Marriage, *Malouka* disposed of her Patrimony,

Patrimony, and went to her Husband's Palace : They pass'd twenty-six Moons there in Innocence and Pleasure ; they were always together, and never weary of each other's Company.

Man, the Offspring of Sin, may indeed taste some Happiness in this World, but a constant and lasting Felicity is only for those, who, under the Eyes of the Prophet, walk on the Stars. *Mahmoud* was constrained to quit his dear Spouse, and go to *Egypt*, whither he was called by important Affairs : However, the Hopes of soon meeting again, and the Certainty they were in of each other's Fidelity, render'd their Separation the more supportable.

Their Parting was tender. I go, my dear *Malouka*, says he, and my Grief is so great in bidding thee farewell, that my Soul is ready to break its Way through my Lips. Take Courage, my dear *Mahmoud*, replies she ; go, I shall never lose Sight of thee, I shall talk to thee Night and Day, I shall even enjoy thy Company ; for a thirty Thousand Days Journey cannot separate two Hearts like ours, which make but one. They embraced, and *Mahmoud* vaulting on his Horse, disappeared as suddenly as a Flash of Lightning.

But here *Malouka's* Resolution gave Way to Nature, she fell between the Arms of her Slaves into a fainting Fit, that became the fatal Source, of the terrible Trials to which her Virtue was to be exposed.

Nabiskay, the Brother of *Mahmoud*, who had left him to take care of his House and Affairs during his Absence, was present when *Malouka*
fainted

fainted away ; he attentively beheld her in that Disorder, in which her Beauty, as wrapp'd up in the thin Crape of Sleep, appeared but the more dangerous. An innocent Uneasiness guided the first Looks he gave her ; he assisted her, he sprinkled her Face with Rose-water, he squeezed her Hands. She opened her languishing Eyes, her Colour returned, and her Cheeks were immediately covered with that lively Vermilion which ought to honour the Face of a chaste Woman, when she is seen in such Circumstances by any Man but her Husband.

Nabiskay, in whose Heart a small Spark had kindled up a general Flame, cast a curious and guilty Eye on his Sister. He endeavoured to draw out the poison'd Arrow with which he was wounded, and passed over several Days without seeing *Malouka* ; but the Venom had spread too far, and boiling through all his Veins, he was seized with a furious Transport ; he ran to her Chamber, where finding her alone, he threw himself at her Feet, he embraced her Knees, and made an open Declaration of his odious Passion, but in Terms much more proper to shock even Vice itself than to seduce Virtue.

Malouka, as much irritated as surprized, had Power enough over herself to dissemble a Part of her just Indignation. Thou hast taken, says she, an Excess of Opium, for I can't suspect a good Musselman, as thou oughtest to be, of having drunk Wine : Return to thy House, a little Rest will calm thy Senses : Go, and to-morrow I shall not remember

The *Eastern*
People make a
great Use of O-
pium, in order
to procure a sort
of Drunkenness.

ber this Adventure, if thou comest to see me again with that Respect which is due from thee to thy Brother's Wife.

Nabiskay took so moderate a Discourse for a Proof that his Rashness had not absolutely displeased her, the Evil Spirit blew on his Reins, and made him attempt the most enormous of Crimes; but *Malouka*, who was strengthen'd by the good Angels, took her Kangiar, and would have made *Nabiskay* vomit out his impure Soul, if Fear and Shame immediately abating the Fury of that wicked Wretch, had not obliged him to fly out of the Chamber.

He retired to his own House full of Rage and Confusion: He walked a long Time alone in a Garden in which he used before to place his greatest Delight; but the Murmur of the Fountains, the Warbling of the Birds, the Enamel of the Parterre, and the gloriously diversified Apparell of the Trees, far from calming the Uneasiness and Chagrine that devoured him, only increased them, as the Humming of the Bee and the Shining of Colours, heightens the Fury of the mad Bull.

Nabiskay, who could not suffer the Light, shut himself up in the darkest and most retired Part of his House. There in a gloomy Dejection his Crime presented itself before him, he looked upon it with Horror; but the Wicked gather nothing in Solitude and Darkeness, instead of the Peace they seek there, but the infernal Suggestions of the Rebel Angel: It is only reserved for the Just, the Penitent Circumcised, there to

find

find God, *Gabriel* and *Mabomet*, the Sources of Salvation and all good Things.

He came out of his Retreat more corrupted than he entered into it ; he still walked about, endeavouring to find out some Remedy for the inexpressible Violence of his Distemper. At last he resolved to seek Comfort in the Pleasures of the Table, and the enchanting Deliriums of Wine ; he hoped by the Force of Drinking to intoxicate and drown Remorse, whose loud and severe Voice carried Terror and Despair with it to the very Bottom of his Soul.

He passed the Night then in debauch with four of his Friends, whose Consciences, like his, stood in need of sleep to be at rest. But by drinking he only threw Oil on the Fire, his Rage and his Despair equally rekindled, and when the Fumes of the Wine, like the black Vapours of a *Vulcano*, had mounted to his Head, he lost the Reason he had left ; Indiscretion placed itself on his frothy Lips ; and he related every Thing that had happened between him and his Sister-in-Law.

His Guests, as mad as himself, threw out several gross Railleries against the Virtues of *Malouka* ; and to comfort their Friend under the Disgrace he complained of, they said a thousand extravagant Things to him, which only Drunkenness could instigate.

The Conversation still grew warmer on that Subject, in Proportion as they swallowed down the forbidden Juice of the Grape ; but at last, one amongst them who was the Cady, a covetous and corrupt Judge, gave a deep Sigh, tossed up his

his Eyes to Heaven, and crossing his Hands on his Breast; we Jest with this Adventure, said he in a grave Tone, which nevertheless may be attended with very dreadful Consequences. For, O my dearest and most intimate Friend *Nabiskay*! the Corner of my Liver! if thy Sister comes to complain to us, if she brings two Witnesses against thee, I shall be constrained to pronounce Sentence, and cause thee to be impaled.

The Reflection of the Cady, like a Magick Wand, in the twinkling of an Eye, banished the joyful Aspect of the Feast, and made it look as gloomy and melancholy as the Habitations of the Dead. A terrible Consternation immediately seized them, their Moony Faces became in an Instant like those of the Black Angels, who wait for their Prey in the Tombs. They looked at one another without speaking, and the Cady himself, melancholy and pensive, remained still in the Posture of a *Bramine* in an Extacy; at last he recovered, by Degrees, from his Astonishment, and resumed his Discourse in these Terms.

This is a great Compliment among the Turks.

“ O *Nabiskay*! the Eye of all Perfections, and
“ the Center of my Friendship! lose not Courage; it is certain that the Tempest rising against thee is great, but he that holds the End
“ of the Cable does not embarrass himself, should
“ the Water even break over his Head.”

Nabiskay sucked in those honey Words, he apprehended that the Cable he must take hold of to laugh at the Waves, was the Cady himself,

who would not refuse him Protection, if by a good Sum of Gold Sequins he secured him in his Interest; so comfortable a Hope brought back a little Joy in his Countenance.

The cunning Cady immediately perceived that he had to do with a Man of Wit, who through the Sublimity of Expressions had penetrated the hidden Meaning of the Speaker. He put on a more serene Air, and said, with a mild and obliging Accent, O *Nabiskay*! the Garden of Glory and the Orchard of Happiness! God will confound thy Enemies, I have a secret Pre-sentiment of it; but not to let me remain in the least Uneasiness, relate thy Affair over again to me; for in the Heat of *Greek Wine*, which thou hast so liberally filled to us, perhaps I have not rightly understood it; or thou thy self, thinking to render the Conversation more jovial and agreeable, hast mixed several amorous Circumstances in the Recital that are not true, and which, to speak freely to thee, every good *Mussulman* would look upon with Horrour.

Nabiskay easily perceived that his Judge advised him not to speak any more of his Affair with so much Ingenuity, but to give it quite another Turn, if he had a Mind to come happily off: Behold then the new Dress into which he put it.

O Sovereign Arbiter and Refuge of the Great and the Small, sublime Interpreter of the Laws, most enlightned, most faithful Minister of Justice!

Since thou permitest thy most submissive Servant to open his Mouth in thy Presence, and to justify himself from the Calumnies with which
he

he hath been blackened ; know most magnificent Cady, that the Twelfth of the last Moon at Sun-rise, *Mahmoud Kourdac*, my Brother, whom God preserve, set out for *Egypt*, and charged me, at parting, to watch over the Conduct of *Malouka* his Wife, whom he put into my Hands, as the purest and most incorruptible Guardian to whom he could confide so precious a Treasure.

After he had received our Embraces, and we had lost Sight of him, I accompanied his Wife to her Chamber, where she desired to be left alone, to deliver herself up, as she told me, to her Grief with full Liberty ; but, according to Appearances, to receive in private a young and beautiful *Mingrelian* with whom she was in Love, of which mere Accident made the Discovery to me Yesterday, as I am going to relate to you in the Simplicity of my Soul, an utter Enemy to all manner of Lyes.

Yesterday Morning, about the Hour of Prayer, I went to *Malouka's* to settle certain Domestick Affairs.

I visited the Gardens and the House, I examined what Reparations or Embellishments were necessary to be made, and gave Orders for setting People to work on them. With the same Care I looked into the Provision of Corn, Rice, Sugar, Currans, Raisins of *Damascus*, dried Figs, Nutmegs, Saffron and other Necessaries for the Delicacies of a good Table, to entertain my Sister, according to the Orders of her Husband and my own Inclination, in the Abundance of every thing necessary, useful and agreeable.

My Rounds being finished, I presented myself at the Appartment of my most dear Sister, I gently struck one of my Hands against the other to give notice that I was at the Door, and that Audience might be asked for me. A Slave came and told me that *Malouka* was a-sleep ; I respectfully withdrew, and put off my Visit to another Day ; but as I was going away I met, full-but, a young Man altogether unknown to me, he was coming up Stairs, and had his Sandals in his Hand that he might not make a Noise ; surprized at meeting me he instantly turned about, and disappeared as swiftly as a Bird just escaped out of a Cage.

I went back again all in a Fury to the Appartment, I opened the Door without waiting the usual Formalities, and found my Brother's Wife sitting on a Sopha very busy in adorning a Turban with precious Stones, which without doubt she designed for the Object of her adulterous Flame. Wounded to the Quick at so great an Outrage, I loaded her with all the Reproaches that my fraternal Tenderness could inspire.

Malouka, all in Confusion, made no Answer at first but by hypocritical Tears, which far from touching me, drew upon her still new Marks of my Indignation. She then had recourse to those devout Grimaces with which she knows so well how to blind the credulous ; she prostrated herself before the most High, put up a long Prayer, and with the deepest Groans begged of him to break that Net, which black Calumny had cast over her Innocence.

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The seducing Song of the Syren did not entirely corrupt me ; but, I confess my Weakness, it melted me a little, and disposed me to some Complaisance.

Weep thy Crime, said I to *Malouka*, repent thee of thy Unfaithfulness, renounce for ever the Corrupter that has seduced thee, and thy Sin shall not be known but to God alone who sees all Things ; I will not reveal it to any Body, thy Husband shall ever be ignorant of it, and thou shalt see glide along in Peace, even to the last Moment of thy Life, the three Sources of thy Happiness : His Esteem, his Love and my Friendship.

In finishing these Words, I took her Hand, which I kissed with Transport, as to add the chaste Seal of my Lips to the tender Expressions of my Heart.

But admire the ingenious Malice of a proud, hypocritical Woman, who, even in her Debaucheries, would preserve a good Reputation. *Malouka* feigned herself sick, she let herself sink down on the Sopha. I stoop'd forward to raise her up and assist her ; her Slaves came running in at the Noise, and the false Devout feigning to escape from my Arms, and repulse Violences offered her, loudly cried out for Help : Snatching up her Kangier, she flew at me like a Fury, and would have plung'd it into my Breast, had I not saved my self by Flight.

Going out of the House, I met three of my Friends walking together, I related my unhappy Adventure to them, and asked their Advice. They judg'd as thou hast done, O sublime Cady !

Cady ! that this Affair might be attended with Consequences very fatal to me, except I could produce undoubted Proof, that my unworthy Sister had been guilty of Adultery. As we had not a Moment to lose, for fixing this Truth upon which depended my Justification, they proposed that I should introduce them into the House by a private Door, of which my Brother had confided the Key to me ; we will slip into the Appartment, says one of them to me, and we don't despair of surprizing the two Lovers together, who, upon thy leaving the House, have, no doubt, met one another again, persuaded that thou darest not return so soon to a Place where thou hast so lately run the Risk of losing thy Life.

I immediately lent a helping Hand to a Project so well contrived ; I introduced all three, and Heaven was so kind to me, that they found the two guilty Persons together, in all the Circumstances necessary for the entire Proof of the Crime.

The three irreproachable Witnesses, who are ready to make Oath of the Truth of this Fact, most illustrious Cady, thou knowest to be Men of Virtue, thou honourest them with thy Friendship : Behold them now present at Table, where thou hast vouchsafed to sit down and drink *Sorbet* with us ; interrogate them, they saw every thing, they heard every thing, and they are ready to give in their Evidence against the perfidious *Malouka*.

The three Guests, whom the Knave *Nabiskay* offered as Witnesses of a Fact to which they were
entirely

entirely Strangers, inwardly admired the Readiness of his Wit ; they thought themselves honour'd in their Friend's having so good an Opinion of them, as not to fear their denying what he had said : And therefore all three giving into his detestable Design, those impious Wretches cried out, " Praise be to God the Protector of
" Innocence : We saw every Thing, we heard
" every Thing : Long Life to the Sage *Nabiskay*,
" and speedy Death to the infamous *Malouka*.

I mistrusted, says the Cady, interrupting them, that this nice Affair had not been at first faithfully related ; but now behold it set forth in its full Light. I must acknowledge that the ingenuous Confession which *Nabiskay* hath made to us of his own Weaknesses, as when he violently entered the sacred Apartment of the Women, when he embraced the Knees and kissed the Hand of his Sister ; I must acknowledge, I say, that his laudable Sincerity in declaring his Faults to us, gives great Weight to the heinous Accusation he hath brought against *Malouka*. The Testimony of his three Friends, who, by a sort of Miracle, were so opportunely on the Spot to be introduced into the House, to seize the precise Moment of the Adultery and its most hidden Circumstances, is also another very concluding Proof of the Guilt of *Malouka*.

Nabiskay and his three perfidious Witnesses grew pale and entirely disconcerted at these few Words. They did not doubt but that the Cady, more clear-sighted than they wished him to be, had discovered their Wickedness, and that his
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Ironical Reflections indicated a fixed Resolution in him to confound and punish them.

I forgot, says *Nabiskay* to him, to shew thee a dumb but convincing Proof of *Malouka's* Crime; which is a Turban adorned with a String of Pearls, and a Purse full of Gold and Jewels which her Gallant dropt Yesterday, when our Friends surprized him with her, and he escaped out of their Hands. In ending these Words *Nabiskay* rises from his Seat, goes into the Closet, and immediately brings back a great Purse crammed full of Gold Sequins, with a magnificent Turban, the Lustre of which dazzled the Eyes of the Cady. “ Most illustrious Judge! says he, I deliver up to thy noble Office these justifying “ Proofs of my Innocence and *Malouka's* Conviction.

“ O monstrous Indignity, cries out the Cady, “ laying his Hands on the Purse and the Turban! O the Ingratitude of Sinners, who employ in perverting Women, those Riches “ which the most High gives them to sanctify “ themselves with, by applying them to good “ Works! This Turban, adds he, was not “ adorned with so much Magnificence and “ Taste, but with the criminal Design to please “ *Malouka*; this Gold, these Jewels, were destined either to seduce or recompence her. “ Let these scandalous Objects of Cupidity and “ Temptation remain eternally shut up in my “ Coffers, that they may never get again into “ wicked Hands to be made an impious Use of.

That Sentence being pronounced against the confiscated Effects, they were immediately wrapt

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up in a rich *Persian* Silk and put into a Cedar Box, the Key of which was presented to the Cady with an Air of as great Humility and Consternation, as that of the melancholy and despairing Magistrates of a besieged Place, who, after a shameful Capitulation, bring the Keys of their City to lay them at the Feet of the Conqueror.

The Cady very gravely took Possession of his Conquest, and sent off the Spoils to his House; after they were carried away, now I begin to breathe again, says he, since I no longer behold those abominable Instruments of human Corruption. But as for thee, dear *Nabiskay*, quit thy profound Revery, consider the happy Change that has happened to thee, and thou wilt quickly find returning to thy Heart that Peace, and that Joy which were banished from it; I am the Man that restores thee to the Possession of that Treasure which is preferable to all the Riches of the World put together: Look on me then to be the most liberal, and the best of thy Friends. *Nabiskay*, who had just seen such Proofs of his Avarice and Corruption, gave him no other Answer than a Bumper of *Greek* Wine: The Guests settled themselves again to the Bottle, and continued drinking till Morning. But the Cady suddenly resuming all his Gravity, stood up and told them they must not indulge themselves so much in Pleasure as to forget Business; the Mosques are now open, the Hour of Prayer approaches, let us part then: I am going to give Thanks to God, which every living Creature ought to do, and two Hours hence I shall be on the Bench, where, O most magnificent *Nabiskay*! thou shalt

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receive

receive from me exact and speedy Justice, according to the Depositions of the Witnesses you produce. He then took his Leave, all the Company waiting on him towards the Door with the most respectful Silence ; but immediately turning about, and looking upon them with an Air of Affection, stay where you are, says he, no Ceremony ; you have not too much time to prepare yourselves for a Hearing ; think of employing it to Purpose, consult well together ; that when you come to be examined, I may not discover either Lies or Contradictions among you, and that all Appearances may be so favourable to you, that I may never have Cause either to reproach myself, or be reproached by others, with having grossly fallen into the Snares of Imposture, and given Triumph to Iniquity.

Never did iniquitous Judge set himself off with more signal Marks of a learned Habitude and Inveteracy to all Sorts of Prevarication.

Nabiskay and his Accomplices had their Hearts but too thoroughly disposed to Perfidy, to neglect the Cady's Advice for the well concerting their Measures. *Malouka* was publicly accused, seized by Order of the Cady, and brought Prisoner into Court. The Accusation was branched out into the most proper Circumstances for establishing strong Indications of her Crime ; the Evidences, examined apart, and confronted according to the prescribed Rules of the Court, deposed Facts so apparent, and so seemingly well proved, that the best and most clear sighted Judges would have believed her guilty.

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In vain the Voice of God, explaining itself by that of the People, cried out, that the accused was innocent, the Cady was deaf; he juggled so dextrously, and behaved himself with such Ability and so much Hypocrisy, that the unshaken and pityless Constancy with which he resisted the Tears, the Prayers of all the People, who begg'd Mercy of him for the unfortunate Prisoner, was only taken for the noble Firmness of a just upright Judge, whom the Demonstration of the Proofs had evidently convinced; and who, in spite of his own natural Humanity and Compassion, was obliged to give Course to the Rigour of the Laws. He tore his Robe, he sigh'd, he shed Tears, and with all the Exterior of a profound Grief, pronounced Sentence of Death against *Malouka*.

The Way of punishing of Women in that Country, when convicted of Adultery, was to let them down into a large Vault or Cave to a Lion kept for the Purpose, and there the Criminal was left to be devoured by him.

The innocent, the virtuous *Malouka* was led to that terrible Cavern, followed by an innumerable Multitude of People of all Ages and all Conditions: In the midst of that consternated Crowd, she was the only Person that appeared with Tranquility and Serenity in her Countenance; she shined with a faint Light, like a pale Ray of the Sun breaking through a thick melancholy Cloud.

When she arrived at the Edge of the Cavern, she adored the Most High, and made this edifying Prayer.

O My Creator! always merciful, always amiable in thy Judgments, even the most severe; what Thanks have I not to render thee, for thus calling me to the greatest Recompences of Eternity by the strongest Trials of human Life! I pass in the Twinkling of an Eye from the sweet Enjoyment of those temporal Goods thou hadst heaped upon me, to the Infamy of the last and most terrible of Executions; and yet in so dreadful a Situation, thy comforting Goodness permits me to love thee, O my Sovereign Master! with a Love more pure and more inflamed than ever. My Heart begins already to enjoy the Sweetness of the Celestial Beatitude, which consists in the inexpressible Joy of possessing nothing, of loving nothing but thee. Of all my Attachments to Life, none remains with me but my Tendernefs for the dear Spouse thou gavest me; shower down thy Blessings upon him, and, as the last temporal Favour, I beg of thee, O my Creator! to give him an inward Perswasion of my Innocence.

When *Malouka* had finished this Prayer, she gave the Sign for letting her down into the Cavern, which was immediately done, because the People were ready to rise and offer Violence to the Ministers of Justice. The Air echo'd back the Groans of the Multitude, and every Body retired home, his Soul pierced with Horrour, and his Mind in that tumultuous Agitation which tosses it to and fro, when the Spring of those tragical Events that strike it, still remains concealed from him.

Malouka

Malouka shut up in the Bottom of the Den, waited, with Agonies much more easy to be imagined than expressed, for the bloody Executioner of the Sentence of her Death, but no Lyon appeared; she begg'd of God to augment her Courage, and grant her Patience, in Proportion to the Length of her Execution, which she had not foreseen would prove so dilatory.

She opened her half closed Eyes, and at the other End of the Cavern, perceived a faint sort of Light, as if it came through a Crack in a Wall, but still sufficient to let her see that she had no Lyon to fear there.

She advanced towards the Light, found that a Part of the Arch had fallen in, and that the Lyon, the Print of whose Talons was just fresh on the Wall, had by that means escaped from his Prison.

Malouka most devoutly and gratefully gave Thanks to her Creator. All the Stones she could find, she placed upon one another; by the Help of them she got up high enough to lay her Hands on the Breach, and then by placing her Feet on the Inequalities which Time had made in the Wall, she gained the Top, and took the same Way the Lyon had done through the Overture in the Vault.

The most difficult Part was now performed, but the most painful was still to come; for that Opening which gave into an uncultivated Part of the Country, was beset with thick Brambles and Briars, upon which still hung large Tufts of the Lyon's Hair. *Malouka* creeping on her Hands and Knees through those Thorns, received a Thousand Wounds and Scratches from them all
over

over her Body : Nevertheless she courageously freed her Way through this last Enclosure of her Dungeon.

As the Night was approaching, she at first made what haste she could to reach a fine House that lay to the Right Hand ; but suddenly perceiving some little Hutts on the left, she directed her Steps thither, persuaded that Innocence and Hospitality are sooner found within Mud Walls, than under the gilded Roofs of Palaces.

But when she had but a Quarter of an Hour's Journey more to perform, her Spirits suddenly failed : She fainted away at the Foot of a Tree.

About Midnight, an old *Arabian* Lord passing that Way, perceived, by the Light of the Moon, the Body of *Malouka* stretched out at length upon the Earth : Behold, says he to his Men, a Woman whom Robbers have attempted to murder ; let us clear up this Matter ; that if she is dead we may give her Burial, or Assistance if still alive. He dismounted, came near her, and found that she breathed ; he got some Drops of Balm down her Throat, and by little and little she recovered her Senses. As soon as she could distinguish Objects and speak, O generous Unknown ! says she, leave not unfinished the good Work thou hast begun : God hath made use of thy Charity to restore me my Life, he will still preserve it to me by thy Perseverance in doing Good.

Praise to the Most High, answered the *Arab*, for having chosen me, in spite of my Unworthiness, to be the Instrument of his Mercy to the Poor and Oppressed. Come along with me, I have

have a virtuous Wife who will feed thee with the Bread of our Children.

In finishing these Words, he called to his Slaves to bring one of his Camels, upon which he mounted *Malouka*; he then continued his Journey with her, and the Twentieth Day after arrived at his Habitation.

As soon as he had saluted his Family and embraced his Wife; behold, says he, in presenting *Malouka* to her, a young and beautiful Person whom I found one Night in a Desert, where she lay as dead, her delicate Body torn and wounded all over by Thorns and Briars. After having with incredible Pain and Danger made her Way through those Thorns, to reach some Houses which she saw at a Distance, her Spirits abandoned her, and she fainted away: This was the Condition in which I found her, and when I had recovered her Senses by the Help of some Drops of Balm, I proposed to her to follow me; she consented, and I promised that thou shouldst nourish her with the Bread of my Children: Give her then a Place amongst them at our Table, and see that our Slaves honour and serve her with the same Respect they owe to us. Every Work of Mercy has its Recompence marked out in Heaven by the most High, and from this we shall henceforth reap the sweetest Comforts. *Malouka* is a Woman of Virtue and Wit, whose good Example and Discourse will encrease in our Family the precious Treasure of Advice and Edification.

The Spouse of *Zilbadjeb*, for that was the *Arabian's* Name, receiv'd the Stranger with that plain

plain and affectionate Politeness, which takes away from the Charity we exercise every Thing that is shocking and disagreeable to the miserable who receive it ; so that in a few Days, what was at first in the Hearts of the two Ladies but Compassion on the one Side and Acknowledgment on the other, became a most strict and lively Friendship.

But the Inhabitants of the Deep are never pleased in fresh Water. The Dove, tho' fed in the most superb Columbarry, regrets her rural Habitation ; seperated from her dear Mate, she pines, she languishes under the fair Hand that every Day stroaks and caresses her : So *Malouka*, in the amiable Bands of the most delicious Hospitality, felt in the Bottom of her Soul the invincible Disgusts, which the Absence of the Object she adored gave her to all the other Possessions of Life. She made many vain Efforts to dissemble her Melancholy, for still something of it always appeared. The *Arab* and his Wife, who were ignorant of the real Cause of her Sadness, redoubled their Care and Attention, fearing they had done something that disoblighd her.

Malouka thoroughly touched with a grateful Sense of their inexhaustible Goodness to her, resolved to tell them the Truth of her Adventure which she had till then concealed from them, through fear of cooling their Friendship by that Suspicion of her Virtue which a faithful Recital of her History might possibly raise in them ; but she balanced no longer to discover the Secret, especially when she considered that it was a sure Means to convince them of her Gratitude.

When

When they had heard the strange Things ſhe related to them, their Compaſſion heightened their Tenderneſs, they embraced her. The more we know thee unfortunate, ſays *Zilbadjeb*, the greater Right haſt thou to a Share of the Riches which Providence hath ſo liberally beſtowed upon us: No Man is Proprietor of the Goods of this World: I am but the Steward of thoſe I poſſeſs. God having put thee into my Hands poor and perſecuted, thou ſhalt have an equal Share with my own Children; their Birth and thy Adoption ſhall be equal between them and thee, ſince thou art not leſs than they a Preſent which I have received from his Bounty.

After ſo tender a Teſtimony of a ſolid and generous Friendſhip, which drew its Source from a perfect Virtue, *Malouka* concealed her Grief with more Care than ever, that ſhe might preſent nothing but a ſatiſfied Countenance to the reſpectable Parents whom the Divine Mercy had juſt given her: But all her Care, all her Precaution gave Way to Nature: She ſoon fell again into her former Melancholy.

Zilbadjeb's Wife made her very obliging Reproaches on the Subject, and *Malouka*, forced by her ſecret Grief, answered her in theſe Terms.

It is true, that, in ſpite of the Bounties with which thou art daily honouring me, in ſpite of all thy ingenious Methods to heap Favours upon me, I grow tired of my good Fortune, even in the Boſom of Felicity itſelf; but I will ſeek no Excuses for my Ingratitude but in thy own Heart. Humble thyſelf to my Situation for a Moment: Suppose that, overwhelmed with Misfortunes, I re-

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ceive thee into my House and give thee an Azye whose Magnificence and Virtue might be equal to what I now meet with in thine, wouldst thou think thyself happy?---Couldst thou enjoy Tranquility of Mind at such a Distance from thy dear and respectable Husband? Wouldst thou not fear that the Calumny which had drawn an unjust Sentence against thee, would also reach his Ear and persuade him of thy Guilt? Alas! that Fear made the principal Horror of the Execution to which I was condemned. To die innocent, said I to myself, is but dying a little sooner than ordinary, there is nothing more in it: But to die loaded with the Contempt and Indignation of what one loves, not to be able to justify ourselves, not to be able to convince him that we die faithful, and that in dying we adore him, is a Rock sufficient to shipwreck the Constancy and Resignation of a virtuous, tender and delicate Mind.

Pity me then, generous Friend, continued she, and condemn not that Inquietude which thou wouldst think it an Honour to thyself to feel it in my Place. Permit then, that to Morrow I leave thee to go and look for my Husband in *Egypt*: Order me to be conducted to the first Town on the Route, and God, the Strength and Support of those who put their Trust in him, will not abandon me in so laudable a Design; he will give me the Succours I shall stand in need of to finish my Journey.

The *Arabian* Lady, instead of replying, ran all in Tears to call her Husband, and communicate to him the Resolution *Malouka* had taken; I confess, said she, that it would be Injustice to
endea-

endeavour to constrain her, but the Causes that oblige our Friends to go from us, do not become any thing the more comfortable by being indispensable. I am going to separate myself from thee, my dear *Malouka*, for a long Time, and perhaps never to see thee more : Do not lose the Remembrance of the lively Friendship I have for thee ; think that I am thy tender Mother, and that the Children brought up upon my Breast, and suckled with my Milk, are not tied to me by a sweeter or more powerful Sympathy. Receive, my dear Daughter, my last Embraces ; I go to order the Things necessary for thy Departure : I quit thee, I fly, that I may no longer see thy Tears that pierce me with a Grief which I am unable to resist, Adieu ! I leave thee with *Zilbadjeb*, whom it is necessary for thee to consult about the long and perilous Journey thou art undertaking ; my Presence, my Sighs, my Tears would trouble a Conversation in which thou hast Need of all thy Attention. Adieu ! my dear Daughter——adieu !——she staid not for an Answer.

Zilbadjeb embracing *Malouka* with a lively and consoling Affection, my dear Daughter, says he, I have not yet given thee, these three Moons that we have been together, any Proofs of my Friendship that could be called worthy of thee ; I have only, in a very plain and very common Manner, exercised the Holy Precept of Hospitality : So far I have performed the Obligation of a faithful Mussulman ; but this Day I am to acquit myself of the Duty of a good Father.

In finishing these Words, he went to his Closet, and presently came back with a Bag of Money in his Hand ; There is, says he, presenting it to her, a thousand Sequins, to which I shall add Bills of Exchange on the richest Merchants of all the Cities through which thou art to pass.

Malouka was about to speak to him ; but he interrupted her the Moment she began to open her Mouth. God, say'd he, who has filled my Treasury, is he that opens my Hand, it is then him alone that thou shouldst thank ; I go to give him Thanks for having made me acquainted with thy Virtues and thy Necessities : Adieu ! I recommend thee to him and his Prophet ; I withdraw to write down the Road thou art to take, and to prepare thy little Equipage : Every Thing shall be ready by two in the Morning. Adieu, my Dear ! Adieu my amiable Daughter ! depart without seeing me again ; I should not support more courageously than thy Mother the fatal Instant of our Separation. He took her once more in his Arms and then withdrew.

Zilbadjeb and his Wife, being retired to their Apartment, filled several Trunks with what was necessary to enable *Malouka* to travel commodiously.

After Midnight the Camels were got ready, one for her Cloaths, another for her heavy Baggage, a third for two Maiden Slaves that were to attend her ; and she herself mounted on a fourth, with a black Eunuch behind her, who held a Parasol over her Head. Twelve Men on Foot and four on Horseback, all well armed, served to escorte and conduct her.

The

The Intendant of the House came to compliment her in the Name of his Lord and Lady, and to make their Excuses for not coming themselves, in the Excess of their Grief to pay their last Devoirs to her, and kiss the Hem of her Robe.

Malouka was almost stifled with her Sighs and Tears, her natural Eloquence fail'd her, she could not utter a single Word, and at last set out with an Affliction as great as it was silent.

The ninth Day of her Journey she arrived at the Town of *Zefar*, where she resolved to stay some Time to give her Attendants a little Rest, and then send them back to the generous Friends who had given them to her: At last she told them her Design; they used their utmost Efforts to dissuade her from it, but in vain. One of her Maiden Slaves, named *Zarim*, seeing her Resolution, threw herself at her Feet; it would be a mortal Offence to thy Friends, said she, to retain nothing of their Liberalities; of all the Presents they have made thee I am the least considerable; keep me, for otherwise I shall be so much lost to them: I shall die with Chagrin if thou sendest me back. *Malouka* smiled and granted her Request.

She kept besides some Linnen, a few of the plainest Clothes, and but two hundred Sequins out of the thousand which she received from *Zilbadjeb*: She wrote to him and his virtuous Spouse, to thank them both for the magnificent Testimonies she had received of their Bounty.

I keep, said she in her Letters, neither all thy Gold, nor all the other Presents with which thou
hast

hast overloaded me, but a little of each Thing, according to my indispensable Necessities: The Superfluity I restore back to thee; it would be too much for me to keep, even too much for thyself to part with: For, in the Midst of all thy Opulence, thou hast not enough to keep Pace with thy charitable Heart and thy generous Mind. To retain all thy Liberalities would be a sort of Robbery committed on the Necessities of a thousand Poor, who may be relieved by what my Discretion rejects as useless to me. Be not offended then to see those Riches re-enter thy House which thy liberal Hand had so lavishly bestowed upon me. It is not that I am ignorant of the Price of them; it is on the contrary because I know their Value, which, divided among several, will open a greater Number of Mouths in thy Praise, and encrease through all Eternity the Treasure of thy Good Works.

When she had settled every Thing necessary for the Departure of the Equipage, she sent it back, and took a Lodging with an old Woman in the Town, who was much esteem'd for her Piety; there she staid a few Days waiting for a little Caravan that was to go to *Mascat*, where she hoped to meet with the Opportunity of a safe Passage to *Egypt*.

The next Day after her Arrival at *Mascat*, where the Caravan separated, she walked about the Town, endeavouring to find some honest Company for *Egypt*; and in crossing the great Square she saw a Multitude of People pitying the Fate of a Man of sixty Years of Age who was then to be hanged. She immediately ask'd what
Crime

Crime he had been guilty of, and was told, that he had been employed in the Collection of the Royal Revenues, and that, either by Negligence or Dissipation, he was 100 Sequins in Arrear to the Prince, which not being able to pay, the Law condemned him to die.

How! says *Malouka*, That poor unfortunate Man has not been able, in all this great City, to find one Relation, one Friend, one charitable Person, to give so small a Sum to redeem him from Death! But would it not now be too late to relieve him? Would his Life be given him if any one would pay down the hundred Sequins? To whom, and with what Formalities must this Sum be given, in order to obtain his Pardon?

It would be sufficient, answers one, to tender it down at the Foot of the Ladder, he would not mount it were the Money deposited there; and he would come down a free Man were he on the Top of it, provided the Debt could be discharged before he was turned off.

The Case being so, replied *Malouka*, I will deliver that miserable Creature. She took a hundred Sequins out of her Purse, and, in the Presence of all the People, counted the Sum into the Hands of the Sheriff, who arrived that Moment with the Prisoner.

The whole Place rang with the confused Voices of the Multitude, crying out Pardon, Mercy! God bless the Stranger who with her own Money has redeemed the Life of an unhappy Debtor!

The Modesty of *Malouka* suffered extremely at these Acclamations of the People; she drew her Veil over her Face, and pressing through the Crowd

Crowd got to her Lodging. As soon as she was in the House, she begged of the good old Landlady to send some Body with her to the next Village or Hamlet ; because, as she said, the Tumult and Noise of the Town disturbed her : The Landlady immediately pack'd up her Baggage, and went herself with her to a Relation's in the Borrough of *Kalbat*, about a League and a Quarter from the City.

During this Time the Criminal, whose Life *Malouka* had saved, ran up and down looking for his Deliverer, that he might express his Acknowledgments to her ; but as she was unknown in the City, he spent two Days before he could find out where she had lodged. Not meeting her there, he speeded away to *Kalbat*, where at his Arrival he was told, that she set out from thence the Evening before, and the People of the House shewed him the Road she had taken. He immediately followed with all the Hast he could make, and in the Evening over-took her just as she was entering the Village where she intended to stay that Night.

Coming up to her he threw himself flat on his Face, “ O my dear Deliverer! *said*

The *Mahometan Cabalists* believe that every Man is directed by a Planet, and every Planet by an Angel.

“ *he*, Angel of my Planet! I cannot better employ that Life thou hast saved than in sacrificing it entirely to follow thee as thy Slave : Suffer me to serve thee in that Quality, and that, by my Submission, my Attachment, and my Zeal, I may prove to thee

“ thee that my Gratitude is the only Riches I
“ possess.”

Malouka ordered him to rise: “ Who ever
“ thou art, *said she*, thou hast no Manner of O-
“ bligation to me, I know thee not, there was
“ nothing personal in what I did for thee. But
“ if thou art really destitute of Subsistence, I
“ offer thee some Sequins; here they are, take
“ them, and thou shalt owe me no Obligation,
“ because I do not lend, I give them to thee;
“ the Receiver always pays the Value of a
“ Present by the Honour he does the Giver in
“ accepting it.”

Haroun-Yek, for so the old Man was called,
would have none of the Sequins which *Malouka*
offered him. According to thy Way of Think-
ing, said he to her, I owe thee nothing; accord-
ing to mine, I owe thee every thing: Let us then
accommodate Masters; give Room to my Gra-
titude to exert itself, it will be a new Benefit from
thee, and for me, an agreeable Means to acquit
my Debts.

As he finished these Words, they arrived at
the *Caravanfera*, and *Haroun-Yek*
began with a good Grace to take Possession of the painful Office of a
Slave: He helped to unload the Beasts of Burthen, he went to look
for Provender for them, he made the Beds, he went to Market, dressed
Supper, served it up to Table, and then stood respectfully behind *Ma-*
louka to receive her Orders. Look-

The *Maho-*
metans have
great Build-
ings in all
Towns and on
the Roads, e-
rected at the
publick Ex-
pence, for the
Reception of
Travellers
who find their

own Beds, Provisions, &c.

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ing side-ways on him a Moment in that Posture, “ I am not, *says she*, used to see that humiliating Distance which Pride puts between the Rich and the Poor ; sit down with us ; if thou art virtuous, as I have Reason to believe thee to be, we are equal.”

Haroun-Yek obeyed, and shewed so much Wisdom and Discretion, that he required and preserved the estimable Prerogative of placing himself at *Malouka's* Table ; his Behaviour shewed, that Subordination, so necessary among Men, does not always depend on the cruel Custom to separate the *Great* from the *Little*, to make the Miserable creep under the proud Eye of the Master ; a Man's thinking modestly of himself would be sufficient to preserve it.

They all Three continued their Journey together, and might well be taken for a little Family travelling, so much Cordiality was there between *Malouka*, her Maiden Slave, and the venerable *Haroun-Yek*.

They took their Road along the Sea Coast, in order to find a Port where they might embark ; and as the Habitations in that Country stood at a considerable Distance from one another, they were several Times obliged to pitch their Tents, and sleep in the Field. One Evening as they stop'd in a very agreeable Wood, with a Design to stay there all Night, they found a Man lying on the Earth : His Face was pale and disfigured ; it had in it all the Agonies and Horrors of an approaching Death, *Malouka* was the readiest to succour him ; her charitable and diligent Hand drop'd some precious Elixir into his Mouth : By
De-

Degrees he recovered his Spirits, and a while after sitting up, he fixed his Eyes on his beautiful Physician : From that Moment he found kindling in his Breast a devouring Flame, which, at last, quite disturbed his Reason.

O Divine *Houri* ! says he, incomparable Beauty ! I did not live in such a Manner as to be able to hope after my Death for that Beauty in which I now behold myself. I must certainly have given very satisfactory Answers in my Grave to the two Angels who interrogated my Soul about its Faith and its Works : For, O thou fairest of *Houris* ! Should I have been now in thy Arms, if *Munkat* and *Nekir* had not judged me worthy of the most delicious Rewards of Eternity ? Draw near with thy rosy Cheeks that I may kiss them ; come and make me drunk with the Joy of the Heart.

A Nymph
of *Mahomet's*
Paradise.

Names of
the two An-
gels, who ac-
cording to the
Makometan
Creed, inter-
rogate the
Dead, to di-
stribute either
the Rewards
or the Punish-
ments they
have deserved.

Malouka believing that the poor Man had Need of Nourishment to recover his disordered Brain, ordered Victuals to be given him ; and after he had taken some, they all three helped him to walk to their little Camp, where he was well taken Care of, as if he had been one of their Company. In a few Days he recovered his Strength, but his Reason never perfectly returned.

His Madness had this Singularity in it, that it never broke out but in Presence of *Malouka* ; when he did not see her, he appeared reasonable enough ;

This Circumstance became very troublesome to them ; for she found it impossible to hide herself intirely from his Looks : As often as he saw her Face, he still threw himself on his Knees, from which Posture it was sometimes very difficult to raise him. One Night they were obliged to tie him to the Picquet of one of the Camels.

When, in that Condition, he had lost Sight of the Object of his extravagant Passion, his Senses returned to him, and he abandoned himself to all the Despair that could possibly arise from the ill Treatment he fancied he had met with ; because he was ignorant of the Cause of it. When Day came, and he was untied, he went away without saying a Word to any one ; and with such Precipitation that he left a Pocket-Book behind him with some Papers in it.

Haroun-Yek looked them over to see if there was nothing in them that could give some Knowledge of that Man ; and by a Letter, which seemed to be from one of his Correspondents, giving an Account of the Receipt of certain Goods, he concluded he was a Trader who had been robbed, and that the Misfortune had disordered his Brain before the Beauty of *Malouka* had quite turned it : According to the same Conjectures drawn from the Letter, with some Bills of Expences and Trade his Name appeared to be *Mouzouf*. But, whatever was the Matter, the poor distracted Fellow disappeared, and our Travellers continued their Journey with greater Tranquility.

The fourth Day after *Mouzouf* left them they arrived in a small Hamlet which was but three Leagues

Leagues from the Port of *Cheghar*, where they designed to embark. As they had but a little Way to go, and the Day was excessive hot, they resolved to wait the Cool of the Evening to finish their Journey, and so retired under the Shade of some Trees that grew on the Banks of a little murmuring Brook.

They had hardly rested themselves an Hour in that agreeable Solitude, when they saw coming towards them a Man well mounted, and followed by five or six others on Foot. He accosted our Travellers with a Sort of churlish Air, and surveying them one by one, I find I am not cheated, says he; here are two clever Girls, and this honest old Fellow is still firm upon his Legs. Come Friends, follow me, you shall lose nothing by the Change.

By what Right, demands *Malouka*, pretendest thou to take us along with thee? Because thou belong'st to me, answered the Man on Horse-back; for Yesterday in the Evening, *Mouzouf*, a Man very much esteemed in this Country, sold to me, *Mehemet Addin*, a very honest Dealer in such sort of Ware, three Slaves named *Malouka*, *Zarim*, *Haroun-Yek*, with two Camels, and all their Baggage, without Reserve. I have a Receipt in good Form, therefore make no Noise, you are mine: Obey with the Submission that is due to me. Then turning about to the Men that followed him; Here, says he, I confide that old Fellow, and the Baggage Camel to your Care; take them to my House, but go leisurely along; I, myself, will be the Conductor of these two handsome Girls, to divert them on the Road,
and

and make them lose, if possible, the tender Remembrance of the amiable *Mouzzouf*, their most dear and honoured Master.

Malouka, in the midst of this terrible Storm, raised a lofty Head, like an unshaken Rock, at whose Foot the furious Waves dash themselves to Pieces. Virtue glittered in her Countenance, and shined in her Discourse and her Actions with so much Majesty, that the most hardy Love could not discover itself in her Presence without Fear and Dread.

Some Days passed over thus, when *Mebemet Addin* grew tired of the respectful and submissive Personage, which, in spite of his Authority, he found himself obliged to act when in her Presence. This, says he to himself, is but a very useless Piece of Goods in my Warehouse, it is only fit for such as have their Hands unemploy'd, and Time enough to have Patience.

Upon this Consideration he resolved to sell his three Slaves again, let him get ever so little by the Bargain. *Hassan*, a famous Pyrate, and Purveyor to the Seraglios in the *East*, bid for them, and *Mebemet* came down to the modest Gain of *Cent per Cent*: The Bargain was struck, the Money paid, and the three Victims conducted on Board *Hassan's* Ship.

This new Master, accustomed from his Childhood to Thieving and Robbing, knew no Providence but Chance; no King but his Will; no Guide but his Fury; and no Friends but his Vices. In the Hands of so wicked a Man, *Malouka* had need of supernatural Succours, and God gave

gave them to her in Proportion to the Dangers she was in.

Hassan set Sail with a favourable Wind. His Ship was richly laden ; he had, with more Care and Expence than ever, laid in every Necessary of Life ; and likewise a sufficient Store of such Things as Intemperance alone seeks the forbidden Use of, as Wine, Pork, and other unclean Meats : For, to whet his brutal Appetite, pall'd by Debauches of all Sorts, he would have, in all his Table-Pleasures, the depraved Intermixture and Sauce of Sin.

Having one Day drank to Excess, according to Custom, he ordered *Malouka* to be called in ; and setting her by him at Table ; I believe, says he to her, my pretty brown Lass, thou art not too well satisfied with the Indifference I have shewn thee since we have been together ; but I reckon soon to quit Scores, and to make thee so happy, that thou could'st not be more so in the Garden of *Eram*. Thou shalt reign over the Will of thy Master ; I will myself become thy Slave.

The Terrestrial Paradise.

Draw near, receive my first Homages,---He then offered to embrace her ; but drawing back a little from him ; I am no more thy Slave, said she, than thou art mine ; I am born free : The perfidious *Mehemet Addin* had no Power over me, the two Persons that serve me, nor over our Effects : He sold to thee what did not belong to him, and therefore thou can'st not detain what thou hast illegally bought. Nevertheless, as it would not be just that thou should'st lose thy Money, if thou paid'st it, as thinking the Purchase honest,

honest, I offer to reimburse thee : Put me then in a Place where thou can't be sure of me ; I will from thence write to my Friends, and with their Answer I shall receive the Sum we agree upon. This Offer thou wilt accept, if thou hast the least Grain of Honour or Religion in thy Soul.

As a full Answer to so reasonable a Proposal, *Hassan* burst out into a loud Laughter, and did not come out of that Fit of Folly but to tumble into other Extravagancies. I did not suspect thee of being gifted with the Talent of Preaching : Thou hast just spoke in so emphatical a Tone, that I thought I heard an *Iman* holding forth in a Mosque against the Infidels and Atheists : I have laugh'd heartily at it, I have diverted my self a Moment or two in hearing thee retail out Morality ; but that Work would soon tire me : Follow thy natural Business then, endeavour to please me ; drive away those Fogs that cloud thy Moony Face.---Here my favourite Sultanes,---take Advice from this Glass of Wine ; offering her a Bumper at the same time. *Malouka*, with the Indignation of a zealous Mussulman, pushed away his Arm, and *Hassan*, with all the Fury of a Drunkard, threw a Bottle at her Head ; but the Hand of Providence turned it another Way.

There's Warning for thee, says he to her, never again to resist the Will of thy Master. But we have both need to recover our Senses. Get thee gone then, and come back in an Hour, to receive that Pardon which Love still solicites for thee.

Malouka

Malouka saw all the Horrour of her Situation ; she left the Monster ; she prostrated herself before God, who alone can change the Heart of Man.

While she was at Prayer, a black Cloud began to appear to the Northward, the Length of which seemed to be about twenty Paces of a Camel ; upon the Appearance of that Cloud, the Men in the Main-Top immediately cried out several times, *God assist us, God preserve us, his holy Prophet intercede for us.*

In a Word, all on a sudden the Winds begin to roar, and the Waves drive over one another in Mountains to the Sky : Sometimes the Ship is among the Clouds, and the very next Moment at the Bottom of the Deep ; from whence another Moment mounts her to the Clouds again : The Sails, the Shrouds, the Rigging all fly into a Million of Pieces ; over-board tumble the Masts ; and away go the Boltsprit and Rudder.

In this frightful Confusion *Malouka* alone was serene and chearful, her Trust was in Providence, which so signally had declared in her Favour. The impious *Hassan*, to encourage his Men, swore and cursed, like some Bravos in a Battle, where affecting to fear nothing either in this World or the next, they think to communicate their false Intrepidity to their Companions ; but, in the midst of his Blasphemies, a Wave carries him off the Quarter-Deck to the hottest Hearth of the eternal Fires ; and then the Hurricane ceases as suddenly as it began.

The Circumstances with which this dreadful Tempest was accompanied from the Beginning to the End, made so great an Impression on all

the Ship's Crew, that every Body looked upon it as a Miracle of God in favour of *Malouka*; she was respected by them as a Saint, they would have no other Commander. In the Condition in which the Vessel was, without Masts, and consequently without Rigging or Sails; without Bolt-sprit or Rudder, and therefore impossible to be managed; none but a Person endowed with the Gift of Miracles could guide her. In nine Days they arrived at the Port of *Gbeovader* in the Kingdom of *Beloudga*, and the Eye Witnesses of her Behaviour on Board were so many, that the Reputation of her Sanctity soon flew all over the Country.

The People were Idolators, and consequently very superstitious, from whence *Malouka* drew two considerable Advantages for the Exaltation of *Mahometism*; one was, that as they looked upon her to be a Divinity, they received her Words as Oracles; the other, that as she found them disposed to so great a Veneration for her, it was not difficult to persuade them into a Belief of the *Alcoran*; which she told them was the Source of all Good and all Merit.

Her Charity was likewise of great use to her in her Project, for she visited the sick Poor in her Neighbourhood, and with her Elixir cured those that renounced their Idols and believed in God and his Prophet.

The King was soon informed of all these Things, to which he gave little Faith; but to see with his own Eyes, and to clear up the Matter himself, he gave Orders for bringing the beautiful Stranger to Court.

Malouka

Malouka was immediately mounted on a very fine Horse, *Zarim* and *Haroun-Yek* upon Mules : Their Baggage was put into Waggon, and the Governor of the Town marched himself at the Head of an Escorte, that he might have the Honour of presenting the Holy young Lady to the King.

The fifth Day they arrived at the Metropolis of *Beloudga*, which had the same Name with that of the Kingdom, and the next Morning *Malouka* was admitted to a private Audience at the Foot of the Throne.

King *Hazif Coubbai* was surprized at her dazzling Beauty : He fixed his Eyes upon her with all the Attention and Eagerness of a Man that had found a Treasure. O Queen of my Heart ! says he to her, I make no longer Difficulty to believe thou hast wrought the Miracles that have been published, for the immortal Gods, can they refuse thee any Thing ? Furious *Neptune* grows angry or mild, just as thy Prayer desires : Divine *Æsculapius*, so covetous of his Secrets, has to thee confided his *universal Remedy*, which Philosophers pretend to distribute, and yet know no more of than the Name. Thou curest all our Sick ; work new Prodigies worthy of the Gods and of thee ; vouchsafe to conjure down that Storm which thy bright Eyes have raised in my Heart : An Arrow shot from thy assassinating Eye-lids has just given me a mortal Wound ; let then thy Complaisance pour into it some of its sweetest Aromatics. When he had done speaking he appeared in a strong and passionate Agitation, which like an impetuous Torrent hurried

him along. He waited not for *Malouka's* Answer, but immediately ordered an Appartment for her in the Palace, and committed her to the Care of the Chief of his Eunuchs.

Love, who in the Pyrate's Ship, had shew'd himself in so hideous a Form to *Malouka*, appeared to her here under another less hateful, but in the main he was resolved to exercise the same Tyranny ; and *Malouka* could not make use of a Tempest in the King's Court as she had done at Sea ; but her Confidence in the Most High did not diminish upon that Account. The Succours she had obtained from Heaven in so many former Dangers, inspired her with the Hopes of overcoming those with which she now saw herself threatened.

She was conducted to her Appartment, when the King already grown impatient at her Absence, went to see her. As he was witty, good humoured and polite, he spoke of his Passion to her with Decency and Respect, and took none of those Liberties which some Princes think their Rank and Power give them a Right to make use of ; but his Love began, by Degrees, to be less reserved, tho' without changing any thing in the Modesty of his Expressions. At last the Prince offer'd a bold Hand, and in the same instant the Prophet, who from the Heavens watch'd over the Safety of *Malouka*, darted a Curse on that rash Arm, which immediately remained without Motion.

The King who was a great Eater, and used but little Exercise, took this Accident for a Fit of the Apoplexy, and cried out like a lost Man ;

O Daughter of the Goddess *Minerva* ! give me quickly some of thy Elixir---give it me---I die !

Thou dost not know thy Distemper, answered *Malouka* ; here is no Occasion for Druggs ; this is not the Business of Physicians, but of the Almighty whom I adore, and who chastises thee for thy criminal Passion which has offended him.

Well then, replied the King, appease thy jealous God, and cure me in his Name with thy Elixir,

This budding Confidence which the King expressed in God, who was still unknown to him, gave *Malouka* Hopes, that if he recovered, the Miracle might make such an Impression on him, as to open his Eyes to the Nothingness of his Idols, and incline him to embrace the Mussulman Faith, whose Seeds, tho' scattered at Random, began already to produce some Appearance of a Harvest. She lifted up her Heart to God, she invoked the Prophet, and made the King swallow some Drops of Elixir : No sooner were they down but he found his Arm recover all its Functions and Vigour. Transported with Joy, he cried out, O thou Woman all divine ! Wonder of Nature ! thy Philosophick Gold has restored me my Life, it belongs to thee, dispose at Pleasure of all I possess ; reign over my Dominions, over my self with an absolute Power : From henceforth acknowledge no other Master here, no other Sovereign but the Love to which I deliver myself up without Reserve, that nothing may be wanting to thy Happiness. In saying this, he threw himself on his Knees, endeavouring to embrace those of *Malouka*, who had Difficulty enough to repulse

repulse Marks of Acknowledgment that no Way pleased her ; immediately those Marks became more offensive by being more lively, but the Prophet interposed a second time in favour of his well-beloved, and behold the Royal Arm in a worse Condition than before.

The King looked upon his Relapse as an evident Sign of approaching Death, and in greater Consternation than the first Time, he called for Elixir with more Ardour and Impatience.

Mabuka zealously took hold of that Opportunity to bring him off from Idolatry : Thou hast, said she, received a just Chastisement of thy Ingratitude. The God whom I serve, and who is thy God as well as mine, the Creator of all Men, the sovereign Master of Kings ; the God who distributes Sunshine and Nourishment to all living Creatures graciously manifested himself to thee, but an Instant ago, in a most miraculous Manner, and yet hardly hath he cured thee, when thou fallest again into the very same Transgressions that provoked his Anger against thee. Think then of disarming his Wrath, by a firm Resolution to acknowledge him for thy only God ; humble thy self, adore him, and adore none but him : Respect in me the Virtue of Chastity which he loves and protects ; and I hope that, to thy Repentance and my Tears, he will grant the speedy Recovery of thy Health.

These edifying Words pierced the Heart of the King, and the Holy Prophet *Mabomet* poured in Persuasion along with them.

That Prince, after musing some Moments, I have just done interiourly, says he, all that thou hast

hast advised me to : Pray for me to thy God, who is also mine, and give me in his Name a strong Dose of Elixir : *Malouka* gave him a double Quantity, and he was entirely restored.

He no longer resisted so wonderful a Demonstration of the Power and Mercy of the true God ; he was convinced and converted. As the first Proof of his Faith he made a Sacrifice of his unruly Love, and expressed no further Sentiments to *Malouka*, but what were worthy of her Virtue. He permitted her to leave his Palace, and she quitted it that Moment ; resolving never to let the King see her again, until she was well assured that he had courageously triumphed over his Passion.

All the Lords of the Court, and the rich Inhabitants of the City, strove each which should get *Malouka* into his House, but she civilly refused all their Offers : At last a Man bending under Years, and respected for his Wisdom, brought her the Keys of his. The *Abode* of the Poor, says he to her, is the favourite Habitation of the Saints : Thou wilt find nothing in my House, but what is most indispensibly necessary. A little Neatness composes all the Pomp and Magnificence of my Apartment : A simple Mat of Rushes, wove by my weak Hands, covers my Sophas and my Floors : The Fruits and Pulse of my Garden make all the Delicacies of my Table : A Fountain always liberal of its Store, furnishes all my Sorbet and cooling Drinks ; and my Poverty, like a Wind that purifies the Air from all its malignant Influences, has removed at a good Distance from me,
every

every Sort of Neighbourhood that is either incommodious or dangerous. My Solitude is profound ; the Covetous, the Envious and the Libertine never approach it.

Thou offerest me, replied *Malouka*, a Retreat preferable in my Eye to the Palaces of Kings : I accept this delightful *Abode*, but upon Condition that I shall not dislodge thee ; for thy Virtue renders the Price of that Place inestimable, into which thou art pleased to receive me.

After she had made *Moharem*, which was the old Man's Name, promise her that he would not quit his House, she followed him thither, attended by *Haroun-Yek* and *Zarim*.

The King heard with Surprise, that *Malouka* had retired into so poor a House ; but not willing to constrain her, he sent her a great Sum of Money to build there, and buy Ground about it, with Orders to the Possessors of those Places that should be to her liking, to sell them to her if she desired it.

With great Modesty she refused both the one and the other Favour, neither would she accept of a Box full of Jewels. I have no need of any of those Things, said she to the Person whom the King had sent to her ; this World which appears to be so great, and which the ambitious would possess entirely to themselves, is but a Part of the vast Universe : In this Part of it every Family has a Right to a certain Portion for its Subsistence ; and in that Portion the most High has marked out a Place for each Man to set his Foot and lay his Head on ; the Body of a Monarch takes up no more Room than that of a
Slave,

Slave. I have, like other Creatures, what is necessary for me, I desire no more.

As to the Jewels which the King so generously sends me, I should find them entirely useless ; I desire no other Pearls at my Ears than the Discourses of the Wise, and the Complaints of the Miserable : And when my Hand can open itself to the Wants of the Poor, it will be much better adorned than by the Topaz and the Ruby. Nevertheless, to give the King a Mark of my Submission to his Orders, I will, with Pleasure, receive a moderate alimentary Relief from him, that I may not be absolutely useless to such of our Brethren as God gives to the Rich to feed : I cannot refuse them Alms without exciting in them that Murmur and Impatience which make the Indigent lose the Merit of their Condition.

Sentiments so elevated, so virtuous ; a Conduct always humble and always edifying ; and a Charity so inexhaustible, procured *Malouka* the Veneration of all the People : Fame published the Sanctity of her Life to all the Corners of the East.

When, by the King's Perseverance in his Respect for her, and the Esteem of the Publick, she saw herself in a Condition to be no longer in dread of any Violence, Tenderness for her Husband, and the Desire of seeing him again possessed all her Thoughts ; but, taught by her past Misfortunes, she would not attempt a second Journey, before she had taken proper Measures for the Success of it ; the first and most essential was to know whether she must go to him in *Egypt*, or meet him in her own Country : To this

End she dispatch'd away two Expresses ; one for the Place of her Nativity, and the other for *Grand Cairo*, with proper Instructions and Letters for discharging their Commissions.

He that was sent to *Arabia* never arrived there, he perished at Sea ; the other that went to *Egypt* did not meet what he sought for ; a Month before his Arrival, *Mahmoud Kourdac* had set out for *Arabia*, whither let us follow him, and leave *Malouka* for a while in her chosen Solitude.

During all the Time of his Absence, that faithful Husband had received no News of his beloved *Malouka* ; but still the Difficulty of sending Letters so far, and that too only by the Hands of Travellers who might be strip'd on the Road ; the Impediment of Sickness, or Death, Neglect or Infidelity of the Messengers, furnished him with those consoling Ideas of Hope which restless Love stands in need of to prevent its falling into Despair.

When *Mahmoud Kourdac* came within a Day's Journey of home he slackened his Pace, that he might not arrive until pretty late in the Night ; proposing a most pleasant Scene to himself of that amiable Confusion, that Disorder, that Hurry and Bustle, which never fail to be in a Family at the unexpected Return of the Master.

At length he arrives, he alights from his Horse, he knocks at his Gate, no Body answers : He grows impatient, he knocks louder, he redoubles his Noise : A Slave calls out, asks who's there ? and what he wants at that undue Hour ? *Mahmoud Kourdac* tells his Name, and bids him

open

open immediately. The Slave strikes the Tehacmac, lights a Wax-Candle, runs from Chamber to Chamber, awakes all the House, and proclaims the Arrival of his Master. Every one snatches up his Cloths in haste, descends into the Court with a Flambeau in his Hand, and at last the Gate is opened.

A Steel to
strike Fire
with.

Mahmoud enters, and in the Midst of a Crowd of Servants, much more numerous than he left them, sees a blind Man supported under the Arms, whom he does not at first Sight know to be his Brother ; it is the same, the perfidious *Nabiskay*.

A frightful Consternation was printed in every Face, no one lifted up his Eyes, no Body offered one single Word. This mournful Silence, all these Marks of profound Sorrow, are Harbingers to *Mahmoud* of some fatal Accident which he cannot yet understand : But seeing, neither *Malouka*, nor any of her Slaves come to meet him in her Name, he no longer doubts of her being dead or dying. He offers to go directly to her Appartment, they hold him back. Ah ! then cries he, it is done—I have lost all that I loved—then throwing himself on *Nabiskay*'s Neck, don't dissemble with me, says he, inform me of all the most cruel Circumstances of my Misfortune ; pour into my Soul the most subtil Poison of Despair, that I may die the sooner and rejoin *Malouka* in her Tomb.

In finishing these Words, he went directly to his Closet, whither his Brother followed him by the Help of his Guide ; they shut themselves up

together, and *Nabiskay* began in the following Terms.

O my dearest Brother ! my true Friend, him whom I respect most of all Men upon Earth ! Why do'st thou so ill requite my Tenderness, as, in the Rage which possesses thee to desire Death, to make Choice of me for thy Executioner ? To order me to tell thee without Disguise, the Tragical History of thy Wife, is to arm me with a Poignard to plunge into thy Heart : Never did Tongue pronounce any thing so detestable, never did Pen write any Fact so odious as that of which I am now going to give the Circumstances—— Ah ! Brother, interrupts the impatient *Mahmoud*, shorten my Execution, finish me with one single Stroke.—Thy Wife, then, replies *Nabiskay*, was convicted of Adultery, and, by Sentence of the Judge, thrown to be devoured by the Lyon.

More struck with this funest News than if he had received Sentence of Death, *Mahmoud* remained immoveable, and fell into a profound *Reverie* ; but coming to himself some Moments after, no, cries he, she was not guilty, they condemned her unjustly : Perish the Calumniators that swore against her ! Who are they ? Who is the Judge that lent his Ministry to the black Fury of our Enemies ? But thee, my Brother ! thee to whom I committed the Care and Preservation of my dear *Malouka* ! Why didst thou not employ thy Credit and all my Fortune to defend her Innocence ?

It was, replies *Nabiskay*, because I had no room to doubt of her Crime : What Violences did I not commit on my self in prosecuting her,

as

as thy offended Honour exacted of me to do ! What Grief can equal mine upon that Occasion ! I never ceased pouring out Floods of Tears, and I shed such bitter ones, that the very Day of her Execution I became blind in an Instant.

Who then was the Magician, demands *Mahmoud*, that bewitched the Eyes and corrupted the Virtue of *Malouka* ? For all the Kings of the Earth, even Love himself, would have in vain attempted to please her. It was, replied *Nabiskay*, a young Man of a ravishing Beauty, whom I saw here at the Stair-head, and whom three irreproachable Witnesses surprized with her, but he disappeared with the Agility of a Spirit of the Air ; and could never be found since, whatever Search was made for him.

The Judge and the Witnesses, demands *Mahmoud* again, were they any of my Acquaintances, and was there no Enmity between them and me ? No, replies the other, thou hadst some Esteem for Lord *Mouzaffer*, he was the Judge ; and thy good Neighbours *Schabour*, *Banouan*, *Calaf*, were the Men that deposed against thy Wife.

It is true, indeed, says the afflicted *Mahmoud*, I never had any Difference with them ; nevertheless I am so inwardly persuaded of the Innocence of my dear *Malouka*, that I shall hardly refrain from giving them memorable Marks of my Resentment the first time I see them.

Thou wilt have no Affairs to settle with them, answers *Nabiskay*, Lord *Mouzaffer* was devoured some Months ago by a Tyger in the neighbouring Forest ; and the other three were crush'd

to Death by the Fall of the Portal of a Mosque, as they were going together to Morning Prayers.

Thou art, then, the only remaining Butt of the Chagrin that devours me, says *Mahmoud*; I should have too great a Struggle with my self to suffer thy Presence, and thou wouldst be as uneasy in mine; let us separate, Brother! return to thy House. Go, thou, thy Slaves, and all thy Train: I will have no other Company here but my Grief.

Nabiskay with a secret Joy received his Audience of Leave; his wounded Conscience stood in need of it, and he immediately removed.

When he was gone, *Mahmoud*, who resolved to deliver himself up to all the Horrors of Solitude, ordered his Slaves never to appear before him except called for, and to refuse Entrance, without Distinction, to every one that came, either upon Visits or Business.

He spent near two Moons in this laborious Exercise of solely entertaining himself with his own Afflictions, and searching into the obscure Truth of this Affair, which only shewed itself as it were in an impenetrable Abyss.

His Grief and Melancholy encreased every Day, and at last he took so violent a Disgust to the Place in which he had seen his dear *Malouka*, and where she now appeared no more, that he sold his House, and all the Estate he possessed in that Country.

The Property of those profound Grievs that overwhelm us, is Uncertainty and Precipitation; *Mahmoud* sold every thing without having first resolved

resolved whither to retire. At last he determined to go to the Island of *Nedget*, with no other View of Preference than that it was extremely distant from the Place he quitted.

He ordered his Equipage to be got ready, and in spite of the Repugnance he felt within himself to see his Brother, he went to bid him adieu. He found him sitting alone in his Chamber, with his Face to the Wall, and his Back to the Window, as abandon'd as a blind Beggar that asks Alms by the Highway Side. He was touch'd with Pity at seeing him in that Condition, and having, after the usual Compliment, informed him of his Departure, thy deplorable Situation, says he, brings a Thought into my Head which I must communicate to thee.

I am going to settle in the solitary Isle of *Nedget*, and it is said that in another great Island not far from it, lives a pious Woman, who, by Way of Excellence, is called the Saint, and who works prodigious Miracles. I found on my Road hither from *Egypt*, an infinite Number of Sick of all Sorts going to present themselves before her, with an entire Faith of being healed, even by her breathing upon them. I also met with Men whose Appearance entitled them to Respect and Belief, and who assured me upon Oath that they had been with the *well Beloved of the Prophet*, (for so she is likewise called) the Paralytic, the Lame, the Deaf, the Dumb, the Blind, and that she perfectly cured them, by sprinkling on their Lips a few Drops of a Celestial Dew, gathered, without doubt, in *Mahomet's Garden*. There-

fore,

fore, Brother, continued *Mahmoud*, as that Holy Woman has the Gift of Miracles, go and prostrate thy self at her Feet : She will appease God, if it is God that has struck thee blind for some great Crime thou hast committed ; and if, on the contrary, thy Distemper is but natural, the Saint will have the less Difficulty in restoring thee to thy Sight.

Nabiskay, disturbed with the Gnawings of his Conscience, remained sad and pensive, and as he made no Answer, I see plainly, continues *Mahmoud*, what embarrasses thee ; thou art afraid to trust thy self to the Mercy of thy Slaves, who in so long a Journey might abuse the helpless Condition thou art in, and thy Want of Power to watch over thy own Safety. But behold the Remedy I offer thee ; I set out to Morrow, come along with me, we will take the same Rout together, and I promise to see thee landed safe in that great Island where the Saint dwells. God grant that the Purity of thy Conscience may be such as to facilitate the Recovery of thy Sight, that thou may'st find the Way back in Safety to thy House.

Nabiskay concluded from this moralizing, that his Brother suspected his Treason in the Affair of *Malouka* ; and that to refuse the Journey he proposed to him, would be a Confession that his Conscience was burdened with an enormous Crime, and put him out of all Hopes of being cured by the Intercession of the Saint.

For the same Reason he ought to have feared the Event of the Pilgrimage ; that is to say, that not being cured, his Brother would be persuaded
that

that God rejected him as a Traytor and a Murderer ; but he either did not make this Reflection, or the Apprehensions of the present Instant prevailed over those of the Future. In short, he accepted *Mahmoud's* Offer, and set out with him the next Morning.

During this Journey, which lasted seven Moons, there happened strange Revolutions in *Beloudga*, whither they were bound.

Hazif Coubbai, King of that Island, died suddenly, by being too great a Lover of good Cheer, in spite of the Advice of *Malouka*, who often repeated to him that the Stomach was a dangerous Master, when People did not know how to refuse its disorderly Cravings.

As the Crown was elective, and might be possessed by Women, the People, having a profound Veneration for *Malouka*, chose her for their Queen.

She refused the Scepter with a sincere Modesty, as too heavy for her weak Hand to wield. There are so many Men, says she, capable of ruling, chuse the most worthy among them ; the Number is great. Wherever I have been, here as well as in other Places, I have heard Men of Merit, learned Men, Philosophers, and even Dervises cry, in speaking of publick Affairs, were I King, I would reform such an Abuse, I would not undertake This, I wou'd not do That. These wise Censors, when I shall be surrounded with the Lustre of the Throne, will immediately spy out all my Faults which are now hid from them by the Obscurity of my present Condition :

I

Would

Would it not then be more Honour for me to let them believe, by refusing the Crown, that I was worthy of it, than to shew them by my accepting it, that I did not deserve to wear it.

But the more humble *Malouka* appeared, the more capable they found her to reign, and the greater Hopes they had of the Wisdom and Mildness of her Government.

Her Resistance was in vain, the People hurried her away to the Temple in order to proclaim her : And she very dextrously seized that Opportunity to make them receive the Holy Truths contained in the *Alcoran*. I do not, said she, acknowledge your Idols for Gods, and I never could receive, as a Pledge of your Fidelity and Obedience, the Oath you should take to me in their Name : Nor would that which I must take to you for the Maintenance of your Laws, your Liberties, your Privileges, engage my Conscience or Faith in the least, if I had none but your chimerical Divinities to swear by. Hear me then, O People, whom I respect and love ! I adore one only God, the Creator of all the Worlds, and of all Men : It is by his Will alone, his Power and his Mercy that every Thing exists : It is by him that I cure your Infirm, your Sick, and your Lame ; the *Alcoran* is his Holy Law, *Mahomet* is his Prophet. The deceased King, whose Memory is dear to you, embraced this salutary Faith ; imitate his Example, and I will take upon me the Government of this Kingdom, being persuaded that the Almighty will grant me all the Assistance I shall stand in need of to make you happy.

When

When she had done speaking, the People cried out on all Sides, *The God of Malouka is the only God, the Alcoran is his Law, and Mahomet is his Prophet.*

A Multitude of all Distinctions and Ages, whom the Queen had cured of Diseases which the Physicians had declared incurable, animated by the Zeal of Religion, immediately crowded into the Temple, and broke the Idols to Pieces.

The Sacrificers then taking their Knives and other Instruments of Slaughter, put themselves in a Posture to repel their Violence, and perhaps much Blood would have been shed, if the Queen had not prevented it by the following Speech.

I will not, said she, force the Conscience of any Man: Such as have a Mind, let them live and die in the Darknefs of Idolatry; but I will acknowledge none for my true Subjects, but those that sincerely renounce Falshood, and with me embrace the Truth. Let these separate from

the Rest, and range themselves on the Left in the Bazar: I will receive their Oath of Fidelity. Let the others draw up on the Right, and I will discharge them from all Services due from good Citizens to the

The Market Place or great Square. The Left is the Post of Honour with the Mahometans.

Crown and their Country: They shall, without any Opposition from me, chuse from among their Brazen and Wooden Gods, him whom they think fittest to lead them, to settle their Differences, to comfort and assist their miserable and their Sick; and, in short, to procure them Peace and Plenty.

At the Close of this Speech, she went directly to the *Bazar*, whither she was followed by an innumerable Multitude. The Sacrificers went proudly thither likewise, persuaded that the greatest Part of the People would draw up on their Side ; but, with extreme Confusion, they saw themselves abandoned and left alone : To escape being insulted, they were obliged to mix with the Crowd, and add their Voice to the general Acclamations of the People.

The Queen gave no Time for cooling that Zeal, from which she saw she might draw great Advantages to the Glory of the Most High and his Prophet ; she caused herself to be immediately crown'd in the *Bazar* itself, without waiting the Preparation of the usual Ceremonies, which demanded too much Time : And said, as a Reason for so extraordinary a Novelty, that she was willing to spare Expences that were useless in themselves, and ruinous to the Publick ; but in Reality it was because she was desirous to command from that Day forth as Sovereign, and keep within Bounds the Priests of the false Gods, whose Intrigues and Cabals she mistrusted. Every Thing succeeded to her Wish, *Paganism* was annihilated, and the *Mussulman* Religion received by all the People.

Malouka now absolute Mistress of a flourishing Kingdom, adored by her Subjects, and respected by Foreigners, still sighed Night and Day, inasmuch as God, from whom she had received so many miraculous Favours, had not as yet granted her the sweetest of human Comforts, that
of

of seeing her dear Husband again. But, on the other Hand, considering the Miracle by which the Most High had conducted her to the Throne, she looked upon all her Misfortunes and long Separation from her Spouse, to have been the Dispensations of the Divine Will, as necessary to the Establishment of the Mussulman Religion in the Dominions of which she was Queen : This Way of Reasoning led her to hope, that the Almighty would restore her Husband to her, now that every Thing regarding the Faith was accomplished.

Full of this Confidence in God, she writ to *Mahmoud Kourdac* to come to her ; the Letter was extreamly tender and moving, and contained an ample Recital of all her History : That Letter, and several rich Presents she confided to the Care of the discreet and faithful *Haroun-Yek*, and sent him to *Arabia*, with a Train and Equipage worthy the Ambassador of a great Queen.

Haroun-Yek went to the Port of *Gbeovader* in order to embark, where he was immediately informed, that a rich *Arabian* Lord had landed two Days before with a numerous Retinue, and was to set out in the Morning for *Beloudga*. He blessed God for an Accident which he thought might possibly procure him some News of *Mahmoud Kourdac*, and whether he was still in *Arabia*. He immediately ordered some of the most intelligent of his Domesticks to find out the Name of that Foreign Lord, his Country, and from whence he actually came.

It was not long before they brought him Word, that the Stranger was called *Mahmoud Kourdac*, that he was a Widower by an Adventure which his Slaves would not explain; and that Grief for the loss of his Wife, had made him take the Resolution of quitting *Arabia Felix*, where he lived with her in a Superb and agreeable Palace; which after her Death he never could look upon without Horror: In short, that the Lady whose Death he mourned, and whose Beauty, Virtue, and Merit they infinitely extolled, was, like the Queen, named *Malouka*.

Haroun-Yek, who had been trusted with the whole Secret when he received the Honour of the Commission he was charged with, had no need of other Ecclaircissements; he did not doubt in the least but that the Stranger was the illustrious Man, the dear Husband to whom he was commissioned.

He immediately sent a pompous Deputation to him of his principal Officers, to demand Audience for an Ambassador from the Queen of *Beloudga*.

Who, I! answered *Mahmoud*, give Audiences! to me an Ambassador! What's the Meaning of all this? Am I taken for a Mad-man or some Prince in Disguise, whom Chance has made me resemble? I'll go and disabuse your Master. In saying so he left his Apartment and prevailed upon them to conduct him to his Excellency's Palace.

Haroun-Yek, advertised of his coming, went to receive him with all the Marks of the most profound Respect.

Mab-

Mahmoud's Surprise encreased every Instant : He took all this for a Dream. He thought the *Genii* had transported him into some enchanted Island : But he was quite out of Countenance, when the Ambassador, having led him into his Closet, harangued him in Form, and presented his Credentials. He must receive them, open them, and read them. Who can describe the State of his Heart ? When casting his Eyes on the Signature he read these Words : *Malouka thy faithful Wife, Queen of Beloudga.*

He knew her Writing, blessed with her Rosy Fingers, and the Brilliant Pearls of her Stile. But still not being able to persuade himself of the Reality of what he saw ; art thou not, said he to the Ambassador, the great *Schabbal* King of the *Genii*, that seekest to make me forget my Misfortunes in the Bosom of a delightful Illusion.

I am not by any Means *Schabbal*, replies the Ambassador, and to convince thee of the Reality of the Things thou doubtest of, read this other Letter, my Lord, which my *August* Queen writes to thee : There thou wilt find a faithful Detail of her History, and then those Clouds which now obstruct thy Sight, will disperse and vanish before the bright Light of Truth. In the mean Time he presented him the Letter, and likewise left him alone, that he might, without Constraint, deliver himself up to the different Impressions it must unavoidably make upon him.

When *Mahmoud* had read it over, he passed in an Instant from the Dejectedness of an excessive Grief, to the most lively Joy : He opened the Closet-

Closet-Door, and perceiving *Haroun-Yek*, who rose from his Sopha to join him, he ran to meet him, and taking him in his Arms, wilt thou, said he, compleat my Happiness; let us set out this very Moment to go to *Malouka*.

Let us depart, my illustrious Lord, replies *Haroun-Yek*, and would to God we could go as swift as Thought or Desire, or that I were the great *Schakbal* to transport thee by the *Genii*! But thy Love and my Zeal will supply all Defects.

They agreed to mount their Horses that Evening with only four Attendants, and that the Domesticks and Equipages should follow them by easy Journeys.

Mahmoud was embarrassed about nothing but his unworthy Brother, whose Crime he knew by *Malouka's* Letter: A hundred Times was he tempted to poignard him, but *Haroun-Yek* still diverted his Fury, persuading him even to dissemble it, and cause his Brother to be led to the Queen, that her Majesty herself might dispose of his Fate. The Precaution too was taken strictly to forbid all the Servants and Slaves belonging to both Equipages ever to mention the Name of *Malouka* in his Presence, but to talk in general of the holy Woman and her Miracles; for they feared that, should he suspect any thing of the Truth, he would kill himself.

Mahmoud even forced himself to make him a Visit, and to tell him that he was going before to kiss the Robe of the Saint, and supplicate her to obtain from the most High the Recovery of his Sight.

At five in the Evening the Queen's Husband and her Ambassador set out as they had resolved, and arrived the third Day at *Beloudga*.

Malouka three Nights successively had one and the same Dream, which seemed to her to presage some extraordinary Event: She dreamed that an Eagle holding a Bunch of Pomegranate Blossoms in his Beak, and a Serpent in his Talons, let the Nosegay fall into her Lap, and the Serpent at the Foot of her Throne. She was struck with this Dream, which she never could get out of her Mind, and was actually pondering on it, when *Mahmoud* and *Haroun-Yek* presented themselves before her.

Should this be a Dream too! — But alas! were it but the Shade of *Mahmoud* I must adore it! She runs to him, he throws himself on his Knees, she stoops to take him up, their Lips meet each others. Ha! 'tis he — 'tis thee, my dear Husband that I see — that I embrace. — Yes, 'tis thy faithful and tender Husband, 'tis himself. They both speak at once, and this Confusion had something so touching in it, that it is impossible for our Pen to describe it. *Haroun-Yek* and *Zarim*, the only Witnesses of this Interview, melted into Tears of Joy, and not being able to contain themselves were forced to withdraw.

Malouka received the Compliments of all the Nobility and different Orders of the Kingdom. She presented *Mahmoud* to them, and they were so charmed with his Person, and the Majesty of his Deportment, that along with the Title of

Prince, they conferred on him the Character of Beglerbeg of the Empire.

Vice-Roy or
Vicar General.

The Queen received this Proof of their Affection with the greater Pleasure, in as much as she looked upon it as paving the Way to the Design she had of abdicating the Throne in favour of her Husband. To render him more and more agreeable to the Publick, she confided to him the Sacred Depositum of the Poor and the Sick, the Widows and the Orphans, the Care of whom she had reserved to herself, as the most noble Prerogative of the Sovereignty. Under the Title of *Super-Intendant of the good Works*, she gave him a Commission to receive and report the Petitions of the Miserable and the Unfortunate, and to distribute the Royal Liberalities among the Virtuous; those Liberalities were immense, upon account of the Quantity of Villages, Lands, Mountains and Woods, the Produce of which were assigned for that Purpose.

Divine Providence would have it, that the two first Persons who presented themselves to implore the Assistance of the *Holy Woman*, after the Prince her Husband had taken Possession of the Super-Intendancy of the good Works, were the blind *Nabiskay* her Brother-in-Law, who arrived there during those Transactions, and *Mouzouf*, that perfidious and ungrateful Trader, who sold *Malouka* to *Mebemet Addin*, and whom angry Heaven had punished the very same Day for his detestable Crime, by taking away his Sight.

They

They were both defrayed as Strangers, according to the Custom, and by a particular Distinction lodged in the Palace until the Queen should be pleased to admit them to her Presence. The Day being fixed, she ordered them to be brought to a publick Audience; she looked on them attentively, she knew them, and spoke to them in these Terms.

Both your Afflictions are great, because your Sins are enormous; I know your Crimes, you carry them written on your Foreheads. As for thee, *Mouzouf*, thou hast stolen and sold three free Persons, two Women and a Man, over whom thou hadst no Right.

And thee, *Nabiskay*, thou hast accused of Adultery, and got condemned to Death, a Lady whom thou hadst nothing to reproach with but her Wisdom and her Virtue. Confess each of you the most aggravating Circumstances of your Crimes, that I may be silent only to leave you the Merit of declaring them, and appeasing God by that mortifying Act of Humiliation.

The two blind Men did not doubt in the least, but that God had revealed every Circumstance to her, and therefore, filled with Terror and Respect, they dared not dissemble any thing, through the Apprehension of adding Weight to the revenging Hand of the most High, that was then heavy upon them.

Mouzouf was the first that spoke, O thou beloved of the Prophet! Divine Creature, inspired by the Almighty! it is, says he, but too true that I sold three free Persons and their Equipage; but what renders that Action still blacker

and more execrable, is, that I was obliged to them for my Life.

Nabiskay, encouraged by the Example of *Mouzouf*, interrupted him, and with a Voice half stifled with Sobs and Sighs, which declared the Trouble and Confusion of his Soul, I am still more culpable, cries he; that Man is an Angel in Comparison of me: I attempted to corrupt the most Virtuous of Women, and full of Rage, at being resisted and repulsed by her, I contrived a most horrid and false Accusation against her; I suborned Witnesses; by the Strength of Presents I gained an iniquitous Judge; in short, I got her condemned to Death: And that Woman was the Wife of my Brother. In finishing these Words he swooned away.

Malouka, edified with his Repentance, immediately assisted him, she made him take some of her Elixir, and put some on his Eyes; she treated *Mouzouf* with the same Charity. A few Moments after, the Films and Cataracts fell off, their Sight was restored, and the first Object they had the Happiness to discover was *Malouka*: They threw themselves at her Feet, they watered them with their Tears, and the Queen melted into Compassion could not restrain hers. She made them rise, she bid them praise and thank the most High, Honour and Glory being due to him alone. — Thou, *Nabiskay*, ask my Husband's Friendship; I render thee mine.

The People, whose Affluence was very great that Day, struck with the Miracles which they just saw performed before their Eyes, made the Roof of the Palace echo back their Acclamations of
Won-

Wonder and Joy. Each writ to the absent, he related to his Family, his Friends and his Neighbours the Miracles he had been Witness of. So that very soon there was not a Person in the Kingdom but what thought the Queen was inspired by the Almighty, and conducted by his Holy Spirit, which more and more encreased the Veneration they had for her, and produced in their Hearts an entire Submission to her Orders, as so many Emanations from God himself.

An ambitious Prince would have seized so great an Opportunity to have established Tyranny; the Queen, on the contrary, made no other Use of it, than for the Good of her Subjects: she made wise and severe Laws for restraining the Pride of the Nobles, and the Insolence of the Populace; for providing Subsistence for the Poor at the Expence of the Rich; for subjecting the great Ministers of the Mosques to an honest and personal Attendance on their Duty, and for reducing them to an edifying Competency, more worthy of their Character than the Luxury in which they lived. In fine, she made Laws against her own proper Authority, to hinder such of her Successors as might prove either avaritious or bloody, from making an ill use of the Sovereign Power. So generous a Moderation, so tender an Affection for her People rendered her more absolute than ever.

She then convoked a general Assembly of all the Orders of the Kingdom; and when she had got her Laws confirmed in it, she descended from the Throne, laid the Crown and Scepter on the Steps, and, standing at the Foot of it, made the following Speech to the Assembly.

My

My People ! who have respected me as your Mother, and whom I love as my Children, for your Sake I quitted the sweet Solitude in which I had shut my self up to employ my Thoughts solely on God ; his infinite Mercy has supported me under the heavy Weight of Government ; I have overthrown your abominable Idols, and by a victorious Grace from the Most High, you now enjoy the Light of his Holy Law.

These Things were all written by the Hand of the Angels in the Great Narfib, that Book of Truth in which are set down the good and bad Fortune of all Mankind. But as your irrevocable Destinies in this Respect are now accomplished, you have nothing more to demand of me ; I am going to return with my Husband to our Country, there to dedicate ourselves to the sublime Exercises of a contemplative Life : There with

The Custom of the Mahometans in the Height of their Devotions. *Hands joined over my Head, I will cry without ceasing, O Creator ! O Most High ! pour down the most abundant of thy Blessings on the People of Beloudga.*

A Murmur immediately arose in the Assembly, and a Tumult like to that of Bees when their Hive is overturned.

*They stop'd the Queen as she was going out : The principal Lords were set to guard her : They constrained her to mount the Throne again : They assembled in Platoons to vote, the High Chancellor collected their Suffrages, and declared in the Name of *All*, that the Nation supplicated the Queen to keep the Crown ; that*

to

to render it less burthensome to her they associated the Prince her Husband with her ; and, still farther to secure the Happiness of the Kingdom for ever, and give their August Sovereigns the most solid Marks of a perfect Love, the States General gave up their Right of Election, in favour of the Children to be born of their Majesties, and their Posterity, Male and Female for ever.

Malouka was no longer Mistress to refuse a Crown that was now become the Patrimony of her Descendants ; she accepted it for her Husband, for herself, and for them.

The Astrologers were ordered to fix on a favourable Day for the King's Coronation ; they named one which they knew by their Observations would prove happy to their Majesties ; the Ceremony was performed with great Magnificence, and never did the Joy of the People manifest itself in so lively and so glorious a Manner for any of their former Sovereigns.

The King made a Donation of all his great Family Riches to his Brother *Nabiskay*, and permitted him to return home.

Mobarem, that venerable old Sage, who so generously gave his House to *Malouka*, when she quitted the late King's Palace, was made Grand Vizir, or Prime Minister of State.

The Queen then remembered her Father and Mother by Adoption. She sent away an Ambassador with very rich Presents for *Zilbadjeb* and his Wife, who had made her such considerable ones, and in her Misery received and treated her

as their own proper Child. *Zarim*, charmed to see her old Master and Mistress again, would needs make one in the Journey: The Queen loaded her with Presents, and told her, that if she could resolve to come back to Court, she might depend upon meeting a Fortune in it worthy the Fidelity she had shewn in her Service.

Haroun-Yek had given the Queen so many Proofs of a disinterested Gratitude, that she recommended him to the Consideration of the States, and they, in Return, unanimously requested her Majesty to put him at the Head of the Treasury; where his wife and faithful Administration of the Royal Revenue was such as soon gained him the universal Applause of the Nation, and sufficiently demonstrated that he had not, through any Misconduct of his own, deserved that ignominious Death to which the unjust Laws of his Country had condemned him, and from which he was redeemed by the generous Charity of the virtuous *Malouka*. The King and Queen reigned to see their great Grand-Children; and their Descendants treading in the virtuous Steps of their Ancestors, continued many Ages to sway the Scepter of *Beloudga*, not only in Prosperity, but with the highest Reputation and Glory; respected and beloved by their Allies, and feared by their Enemies.

